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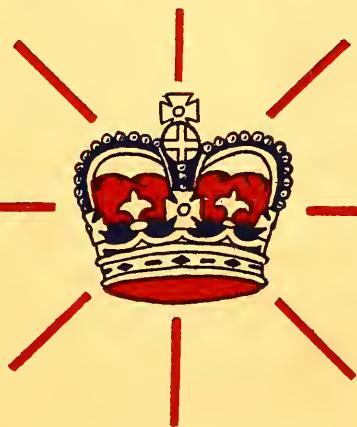
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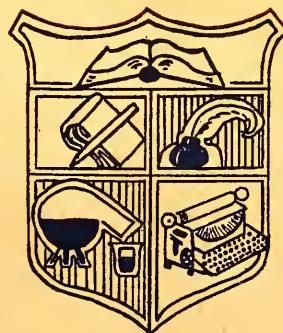
THE **EASTERN** **ECHO**



1936-7

**EASTERN HIGH
SCHOOL OF
COMMERCE**

Volume IX



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Two

EASTERN ECHO

1936 - 1937

Easteru Echo

VOLUME NINE

Published by the Students of
THE EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
TORONTO



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EASTERN ECHO



THE ECHO STAFF

Seated: Helen Bradshaw, Kathleen Wilson, Betty Swindlehurst, Jack Sproule, Lillian O'Hearn.

Second Row: Margaret McLeod, Alice Kerr, Esther Osthoff, Margaret Fitt, Margaret Scott, Edna Muir, Helen Adams, Marian Wangland, Ruth Garlin, Roy Cotton, Carl Yelland, Leslie Porto, Maurice Hewitt, Harvey Porter

Third Row: Donald Potter, Jack David, Melvin Norton, William Flynn.

Absent: Olive Kay.

STAFF EDITORS

Editor-in-chief—Betty Swindlehurst, 4S1.

Editor-in-chief—Betty Swindlehurst, 4S1. *Assistant Editor*—Jack Sproule, 3A.

Junior School Editor—Harvey Porter, 2D. *Business Manager*—Ruth Garlin, 4G.

Assistant Business Manager—Roy Cotton, 4G. *Advertising Manager*—Donald Potter, 4M.

Assistant Advertising Manager—Margaret Scott, 4G.

Circulation Manager—Melvin Norton, 4G.

Assistant Circulation Manager—William Flynn, 4G.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Literary—Margaret Fitt, 4G. *Short Story*—Olive Kay, 4S1.

Poetry—Kathleen Wilson, 2G. *Art*—Lillian O'Hearn, 3S4.

Assistant Art—Marian Wangland, 4S1. *French*—Helen Bradshaw, Special One

Exchange—Esther Osthoff, Special One. *Humour*—Margaret McLeod, 3S2.

Photography—Carl Yelland, Special One.

Music—Jack David, 3S1.

Photography—Carl Yelland, Special One. *Social*—Helen Adams, 4S2. *Music*—Jack David, 3S1.

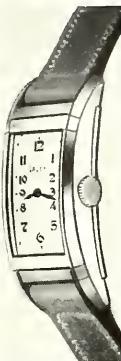
News—Leslie Porto, 3A. *Girls' Club*—Edna Muir, 4S1. *Alumni*—Miss F. Hill.

Girls' Athletics—Alice Kerr, 4S1. *Boys' Athletics*—Maurice Hewitt, 4M.

ADVISERS

Advertising—Mr. F. C. Powell, B. A. *Business*—Mr. P. A. Moreland, B. A.

Editorial—Mr. F. W. Schnick, B. A.



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WALTER KEAST, B.A.

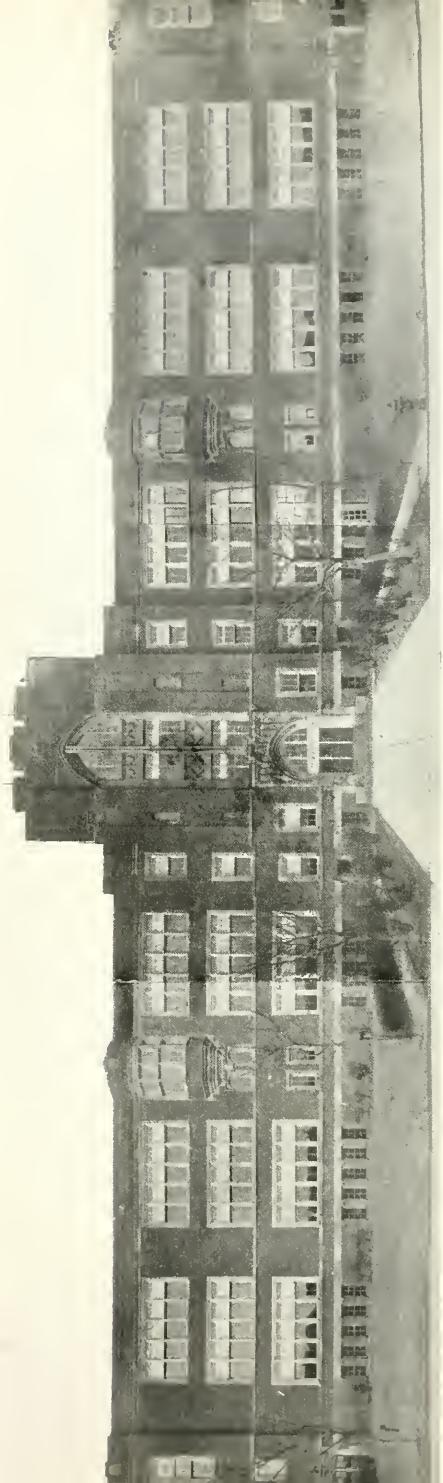
Principal

TO THE STUDENTS OF EASTERN COMMERCE:

It is well for us who are older in years not to forget that life continually renews itself in the boys and girls of each generation, and that boys and girls always look out upon their world with hope and confidence. The world changes but slowly, the rules of the game remain much the same. Your comrades of yesterday, today and tomorrow who play the game according to the rules, who construct the future on the foundation of the past, can go forward with confidence that the men and women of your generation will maintain the traditions of the race to which you belong, and will make Canada a good country in which to live.

You have my very best wishes for success in your task.

W. KEAST.



"THE SCHOOL."

"THE STAFF"

Seated: Miss Hay, Miss Atkin, Mr. Hare, Miss Pirie, Mr. C. C. Smith, Mr. Spence, Mr. Keast, Mr. C. R. Smith, Miss Barrans, Mr. Rowe, Mr. Gilten, Mr. Ward, Mr. Powell.

Second Row: Mr. Morland, Mr. H. Gray, Miss Howard, Miss Toy, Mr. Mitchell, Miss Hill, Miss Pinchin, Miss Elcoate, Miss Thatcher, Miss Campbell, Miss Smith, Mr. Russell, Mr. Walkom, Mr. Waugh, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Guillet, Mr. A. Elliott, Mr. McNaught, Mr. Cody.

Third Row: Miss Ward, Mr. J. Gray, Miss Weir, Mr. Rae, Mr. Fair, Mr. Turner, Mr. Carson, Mr. Gemmill, Mr. F. Elliott, Mr. Chard, Mr. Tufts, Mr. Voaden, Mr. Doide, Mr. Copp, Mr. Halpenny, Mr. Carter.

Absent: Miss Elliott, Mrs. Strong, Miss Hounsom.

In the shadows: Mr. Woods, Mr. Schneid, Mr. Campbell.



DEDICATION

We esteem it an honour this year to dedicate the *Eastern Echo* to the Coronation of their Majesties, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. We feel that we have been very fortunate in securing suitable illustrations for the carrying out of this theme.

We regret that, due to a previous ruling which barred Governor-General Tweedsmuir from contributing "forewords" to school magazines, we are unable to print a message written by His Excellency. We have the honour, however, of publishing a personal portrait of His Excellency, which was sent directly to the *Echo*.

NEW FEATURES

We have endeavoured to introduce several new features in the 1937 issue of the *Echo*.

Two new departments, the Music Department and the Photography Department, have been established, and we hope that they will meet with success. Another change is the division of the Literary Department into two groups—Senior and Junior.

The size of the magazine has been increased to 8" by 11", and the number of pages has been increased from 104 to 120.

We hope that these new features will add

to your enjoyment of your school magazine. Also, we wish to take this opportunity of thanking all — teachers and students — who have contributed to whatever success volume nine of the *Eastern Echo* achieves.

EASTERN COMMERCE

Our school is growing steadily. This year, it was found necessary to add two portables, as well as several other forms. In all, there are twenty-one Firsts, eleven Seconds, seven Thirds, three Fourths, three Specials and one Co-operative Merchandising Class. The total enrolment in September, 1936, was 1,961.

STAFF CHANGES

Several changes have been made in our teaching staff since last term. The new additions are as follows: Miss Pinchin, from Runnymede Collegiate Institute; Miss Thatcher, from the Ontario College of Education; Mr. Rae, from Jarvis Collegiate Institute.

These teachers, although they have been with us but a short time, have proved themselves to be very popular, and we hope that they will enjoy being members of the staff of Eastern Commerce.

A very popular member of the teaching staff left us at the end of June, when Miss Ker was married to Mr. Egerton Ryerson Young. Also, we regret that Miss Elliott has been unable to be with us since last October because of illness, but we have been fortunate to have Miss Hounsom with us during that time.

ECHO STAFF

Several members of the *Echo* Staff have been employed since September. We feel that they should be given some recognition for their part in the work of the *Echo*. The former members of the *Echo* Staff were:—Lillian Challis, Exchange Editor; Lorne Charleton, Humour Editor; Crawford Jones, Literary Editor; Douglas Lancaster, Short Story Editor; Lucy Reubens, Assistant Art Editor.

IN MEMORIAM

Since the last publication of the *Echo*, the deaths of two fine students, Marie O'Connor, of 3C, and Winnifred Bell, of 1K, have occurred.

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to the families and friends of these young girls, in their recent loss.

THE EDITORS' CONVENTION

On Friday and Saturday, November 6th. and 7th., five members of our *Echo* staff attended the eleventh annual convention of high school editors of Ontario. This convention was held under the auspices of Sigma Phi Fraternity of the University of Toronto, and was conducted in a most satisfactory fashion.

We were addressed by many well-known people engaged in magazine work upon such topics as Paper and Type Faces, Binding, Advertising and Circulation, Art, Photography and Make-up of Magazines. These lectures were very entertaining, as well as instructive.

We were able to learn still more by visiting the Daily Star, Maclean's and Brigden's, Limited.

In the evening, a banquet and dance was held, which gave those who attended an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with their fellow editors.

Although the convention is over, the facts which were learned there are still impressed upon our minds, and we hope that they have enabled us to turn out a school magazine which meets with your approval.

A RENOWNED PHYSIOLOGIST

John James Rickard Macleod, M.B., Ch.B., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Physiology in the University of Aberdeen, who died at his residence in Aberdeen on 16th March, 1935, gave distinction to the University of Toronto and to the City of Toronto.

The Eastern High School of Commerce congratulates The Aberdeen Grammar School in numbering among its distinguished graduates a gentleman of such refinement; a scholar of such kindness; a scientist of such distinction.

He was known among us in Toronto for his quiet manner, for his genius as an organizer, and for his confidence in the possibility of development in Canada.

The discovery of insulin was "the result of ardent co-operation in constructive research". In this co-operation young Canadians obtained distinction. Dr. Macleod added to that which he had already secured.

As a man, he had a rare capacity for friendship. He was kind and thoughtful. His high mind gave him a pre-eminence enjoyed by few.

In a country, relatively new, men of genius have rare opportunities. They give a push in beginnings. They start the new land by inspiring its people with the results of tradition and culture. This is the gift of men like the distinguished Aberdonian to Canada and to Canadians; and Canadians dare to believe that in time they will justify by their contribution the confidence of men who have brought the culture, the tradition and the hopes of other lands, particularly to other parts of the British Empire, to the Dominion of Canada.

W. G. FRISBY

MR. JAMES CUNNINGHAM

Among the guests at the Commencement Exercises of this school year was a Scotsman, Mr. James Cunningham. He was quite ill on the night he attended and he did not live long after.

Perhaps it was a Scotsman's love of learning which made him take such an active part in the Workers' Educational Association, of which he was the President for Toronto. He had a mind nicely-balanced, a quiet and unobtrusive manner, a genuine love of the highest, and a belief in those who toil and in the possibility of their cultural accomplishment.

Mr. Cunningham was a member of the Advisory Vocational Committee, to which he brought a wide interest and a quiet belief in the benefit secured from attention to education.

W. G. FRISBY

Mr. Keast was very much impressed and called the young lady to the office in order that he might have a look at this clever student, much to the confusion of Winnie, who wondered how her name had got into the "black book". She was an honour student also in her Second and Third years; and in her Fourth year she climbed to 90%. This is the first time in eleven years that 90% has been obtained in the Fourth year.

Not only is Miss Kay diligent in her studies. She is very active on class volleyball and basketball teams. She can always be depended on to take part in outside activities and is always ready to assist in any way possible.

Her popularity was proved by her election to be President of the Students' Council. It is an honour which Miss Kay deserves, and it certainly is evident that her often numerous duties as President of the Council, have not interfered with her own work.

Eastern Commerce is proud to have Miss Winnifred Kay as one of its students.

EARNING A LIVING

Earning a living is dull to those who know not how, who are compelled to work solely under direction without being sufficiently master of their tasks to stand above them.

The securing of skills is an element in culture. The effort is refining. The accomplishment leads to pleasant participation in work. The more highly one is skilled, the freer is his mind for creative occupation.

We rise by means of our skills to that which requires greater skill for its expression.

W. G. FRISBY

CONGRATULATIONS

Miss Winnifred Kay certainly deserves credit for the splendid record she has established during her stay at Eastern Commerce.

When she was in 1M, Winnie obtained 87% in her Mid-year examinations, which was very remarkable.



"ECHO" CONTESTS

The division of our literary material this year into senior and junior departments approximately doubled our contests, and additional recognition to contributors was given by the awarding of first and second prizes in most contests. All contests were judged by five judges, in most cases including three teachers and two students, and awards were made entirely upon a basis of total points as indicated by the decision of individual judges.

In several cases the judges were very critical of the careless set-up of material submitted, but in general we feel that the entries reveal evidence of promising ability. The *Echo* hopes that next year the response to the contests may be more general.

Our cover this year was designed by Don Potter of 4M. There were several very fine entries in this contest, and honorable mention certainly is due the following: G. Altpeter, 4G; M. Kelleher, 1B; I. Nightingale, 2F, and M. Saunders, 4G.

The Senior Essay Contest required the opinions of seven judges before the first award was finally made to Ruth Kraisman, 3S1, and the second award to Edna George, 3S1. Very close competition was provided here by Elsie Anderson, 4G, and Olive Kay, 4S1.

The Senior Short Story award went to Alex. Gillies, 3S1; the second award going to Ruth Garlin, 4G, and honorable mention to Madeline Mason, 3C.

The Poetry Contest was an open contest, and the Senior School regained its leadership here with the first award being made to Dorothy Sigmund, Special One, and the second award to Olive Kay, 4S1. Honorable mention was earned by Ruth Crook, 2F, and Helen Bradshaw, Special One.

The judges were especially interested in the quality of the entries for the Junior Essay Contest, which gives definite promise of "better things" for next year. Here the first award went to Donna Kilpatrick, 2C, and the second award to Dick Ritchie, 2C. The points were considerably scattered by the judges in this contest, and honorable mention must be made of the entries of Verna Smith, 2F; Elsie Hill, 2H; and Marybelle Mullan, 2H.

The Junior Short Story award was made to Marguerite Eide, 2H, and the second award to Douglas Boase, 2C, with honorable mention being earned by Elsie Hill, 2H.

Humour Contest awards were made to Bob Harvie, 1G, (who, incidentally, has assisted the *Echo* greatly this year with his cartoon work); Alex. Gillies, 3S1, and George Reeder, 4G. Souvenir copies of the *Echo* also will be presented to the following winners of the Poster Contest: Marian Wangland, 4S1; Mona O'Hearn, 3S5; Lillian Roberts, 1A; Kathleen Wilson, 2G, and Melvin Norton, 4G.

The *Echo* will sponsor similar contests next year, and expects more and better entries. We really do believe that there is sure to be literary talent among nearly two thousand young people, and the chief purpose of these contests is to uncover that talent. And, just a word of advice—do not attempt only dramatic and tragic themes. You will notice that our senior short stories have a very pronounced sense of "the tears in things", although Gillies also did reveal a sense of humour. It is likely that you will do your best work when writing sincerely of your own experiences.

Some literary material published was not entered in contests, and the *Echo* Staff regrets that it has not space to publish more.

The Class Paper Contests did not draw so many entries as we had expected, but the Senior Contest certainly did provide a problem for the judges. Once more we had to call upon seven judges, and even then *Spicy Bits*, 3S1; 3S4's *Coronation Special*, and *Acta Nostra*, 3S5, were left exactly tied. *The 3A Esquire* was also a close competitor.

2H's *Echo Junior*, in the Second Year Contest, won a clear decision over 2C's *Echette* and *The 2A Esquire*. *School Daze* by 1K was awarded first place in the First Year Contest, with close competition being provided by the 1A *Commerce Chaos* and *The Gale* by 1L. May we suggest to the first year editors that they try to produce more original literary material and less—indeed much less—very personal "gossip".

Thanks, entrants and judges, and we are sorry that the *Echo* has space for only a really limited amount of the material that has been available.



Courtesy of The Toronto Star

Their Majesties, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth

The King and Queen

by WINNIFRED KAY, 4S1

"God Save the King!" the cry rang out through the misty streets of London.

Albert Frederick Arthur George, 13th, Duke of York, and second son of George V, known chiefly for his interest in welfare work and frank efforts to be friends with labour leaders, had succeeded to the British throne vacated by Edward VIII.

On December 10th, last, George VI reluctantly but proudly became King; shyly his wife became Queen.

Let us learn something about their lives before either of them dreamed of ever becoming King or Queen of an Empire.

The King has always worked in the interests of the common people; he has studied working conditions, and has done his best to improve them. For this reason he was called "The Industrial Prince". Boy's activities also interest him greatly, and he established a summer camp in Kent which is attended by the sons of workers. He never misses a year in visiting this camp, and pays the costs of running it himself.

During the War, he served in the Navy under the name of Mr. Johnson. Never was he accorded any favours or preferences over his shipmates; in fact, many of them did not even know there was a Prince in their midst. He would work in the black holds of the colliers during coaling, and would lend a hand with the slings when time was scarce. He took part in the famous naval battle of Jutland and was commended for his coolness under fire.

It is hard to imagine our King thus sharing the perils of the common people, but now, after working and striving with them, how well he must understand his people.

Worse for him than battle hazards was the physical defect of stammering. He was also very shy and nervous and extremely disliked appearing in public. However, he never shirked a speech or disappointed his public, and by sheer perseverance and courage he overcame these defects. It had been a long hard uphill fight, but finally he achieved success.

The King is a very good dancer, and an

expert tennis player, having taken part in several tournaments at Wimbledon.

On April, 26, 1923, as Duke of York, he married Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the fourth daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, the head of an ancient Scottish family, which has played a considerable part in history. Their ancestral home is Glamis Castle, connected with which are such names as "Bonny Prince Charlie", Mary, Queen of Scots, and Lord Macbeth.

Here in this delightful old home, Lady Bowes-Lyon and her favourite brother, David, played about in the great rooms and long corridors, and tended to their many pets. She led a normal, happy life, and therefore has grown up to be possessed of such virtues as radiant friendliness, unassuming intelligence, and robust strength of character.

The two children of the present King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, have won their way into the hearts of all the Empire.

The palaces at Sandringham and Balmoral will resume the aspect they wore under his late Majesty, King George V, and the courts there, as well as in London, will be quiet and, dignified as they have been since the days of Victoria. The new King's first accomplishment—and it would be hard to imagine a greater—is to resume, as though there had been no break, the same scale of the life which has characterized the British Throne for a hundred years.

Together this King and Queen will rule with many of the qualities which made King George and Queen Mary revered, thus strengthening the bond of affection for the Crown which has become one of the strongest bonds between the nations of the Empire.

At the time of his Accession, the King closed his speech by quoting his late father's Silver Jubilee message and beginning what we hope will be a long and successful reign: "My wife and I dedicate ourselves for all time to your service, and we pray God may give us guidance and strength to follow the path that lies before us."

"God Save the King!"



Courtesy of The Toronto Star

Westminster Abbey

THE CORONATION

by ELSIE KEARN, 4S1

The merry peal of bells and the discharge of artillery in Hyde Park and from various ships stationed in the Thames River usher in this great day of days—the crowning of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

Cheering crowds line the streets of gaily-decorated London from Westminster Abbey to Buckingham Palace, which is the route the royal procession takes. Now there is a great swelling cry as a beautiful golden coach drawn by six cream-coloured horses, moves slowly and with great dignity between the lines of wildly excited people.

People looking down from flats and apartments — people from foreign lands — people who have never before witnessed such a glorious pageant and who probably never will again, all of these have come many miles across oceans and continents and at great cost to see this ceremony that has been a part of "Merry Old England" since the time of William the Conqueror.

Now the coach has reached the Abbey door; the King in his crimson robe, accompanied by the Queen, descends to the Abbey, which has meanwhile been filled by the nobility and peers of all the countries of the world.

Upon their entrance everyone rises and the trumpets strike up the National Anthem.

His Majesty, having taken his seat on the Chair of State, bows first to the members of the Royal family and then to the foreign ministers.

The religious ceremonial of the Coronation is more splendid and elaborate in England than in any other country of Europe, being so faithfully founded on former historic events. The anointing of his Majesty, which has been continued for upwards of a thousand years, takes place after the signing of the

cath, the King being seated in King Edward's chair and four Knights of the Garter holding over him a rich pall of cloth-of-gold. The Dean of Westminster pours some of the Holy Oil from the Ampulla (a vessel shaped like a golden eagle) into the Spoon, and the Archbishop then anoints the King in the form of a cross on the crown of his head, on his breast, and on the palms of both hands. The Sword of State has been girded on him prior to the coronation. His heels are touched with the Golden Spurs just before the crowning, and during the ceremony he is invested with several robes and takes the Orb. Other regalia used in the service are the bracelets, sceptres, crowns and swords.

The Queen, however, is anointed only on the head, and she is not called upon to take the Orb nor be invested with special robes like the King. Four duchesses hold over her head a pall of cloth-of-gold.

According to custom, the Pearl Sword, carried by the Lord Mayor of London, is presented (at the city's western boundary) to the King who touches its hilt and returns it to the Chief Magistrate. The Lord Mayor then mounts and carries the Sword of State before their Majesties. This is one of the most ancient privileges in the greatest of the world's cities.

The King and Queen, now King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, leave the Abbey by the west door, His Majesty now in a purple robe, and take the return procession along Victoria Embankment, up Northumberland through Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, St. James Street, Piccadilly Circus, Regent Street, Oxford Street, Park Lane, Constitution Hill and "home" to Buckingham Palace, where their duties will begin.

"Long May They Reign!"





Courtesy of The Toronto Star

Coronation Stone: The King's stone at Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, England, on which seven kings were crowned from 900 to 978 A.D. Athelstan, the first sovereign to call himself "King of the English", was crowned on it.



Courtesy of The Toronto Star

The British Coronation chair built around Jacob's stone, which the Bible refers to as "the stone of God", that is—set up by God.



Courtesy of The Toronto Star

OFFICIAL CORONATION COMMEMORATION MEDAL

The two sides of the official Coronation medal, designed by Mr. Percy Metcalfe, and now being struck off in the English mint. It is in two sizes and in both silver and gold. The medal bears the heads of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

The Crown Jewels--

by OLIVE KAY, 4S1

If the person who said, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," were thinking of the British Crown, he spoke a great truth. For the Imperial Crown, originally made for Queen Victoria's coronation, weighs no less than three and one-half pounds. The chief jewels in it were taken from older crowns and from the Royal collection.

The most famous jewel in the Crown is the Great Ruby. Since it was presented to the Black Prince in 1367, it has had an eventful history. In 1415 it was worn by Henry V in the coronet which encircled his helmet at the battle of Agincourt. After the battle it was found that a piece had been chipped from it. A tremendous blow, aimed at the King, had been turned aside by the ruby. Following is a list of the jewels in the Imperial Crown: 2,800 diamonds, 377 pearls, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds and 5 rubies—a collection which would make anyone forget, "Thou shalt not covet."

At the Coronation, Queen Elizabeth will be crowned with the Queen Consort's crown—a golden circlet set with precious stones. The Queen Mother's crown has set in the front of it the famous diamond, The Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light.

This stone has had a fateful history. Any man, so runs the prophecy, who wears it will be cursed with ill-luck. History records that no less than four Eastern rulers who wore it died a violent death. However, in 1849 the East India Company obtained possession of it and presented it to Queen Victoria.

Prior to the actual ceremony of crowning, the Sword of State is girded on the Sovereign. In the Regalia are three other swords—the sword of Mercy, which is blunt and unpointed; the Sword of Spiritual Justice, which is slightly pointed, and the Sword of Temporal Justice, which has a keen edge and a sharp point, emblematic of the sharpness and keenness of English justice.

Just before the King is crowned, his heels are touched with the Golden Spurs, which have no rowels on them.

The consecrated oil with which the King is anointed is kept in the Ampulla or Golden

Eagle. This is a vessel of gold in the shape of an eagle with wings out-stretched. The anointing spoon is also of gold, having a finely chased bowl, and in the handle are set four pearls.

Four Sceptres will be used in the Coronation ceremony—the Royal Sceptre, with its cross of gold and jewels, which contains the largest drop-shaped diamond in the world; the Queen's Sceptre, with the cross of gold and jewels, which dates back to the coronation of James II, and was made especially for his consort, Mary of Modena; the Sceptre with the Dove, which is borne in the Sovereign's left hand, and the Queen's Sceptre with the Dove.

The emblems of sovereignty of the countries of England, Ireland and Scotland are a pair of gold bracelets, first made for King Charles after the Restoration.

And then there are, in addition to all these wonders, the Orb of Gold, with a cross of jewels; the smaller Orb of gold set with jewels, which was made for Mary II; the St. Edward's staff, which is a sceptre of gold, four feet, seven inches high, supposed, at one time, to have contained a portion of the true Cross; and the Queen's Ivory Rod, mounted in gold and enamelled.

Apart from the actual Regalia, but still a part of the Crown Jewels, are several beautiful specimens of Royal plate, some of it as old as English Royalty, but some, in comparison, quite modern—only two, three, or even four hundred years old.

The Crown Jewels are all kept in the Tower of London, heavily guarded. They are covered by only a glass case, but any person who broke the glass would set the alarms all over the Tower ringing madly.

Only one attempt to steal these treasures was even partially successful. In the eighteenth century, a Colonel Blood did succeed in making off with the jewels, but he was captured and executed. But more important, his loot was recovered, and remains to-day, the outward sign of the majesty and splendor of the British Crown.



Lord Tweedsmuir

Twenty

EASTERN ECHO

The Governor-General

by RUTH GARLIN, 4G

We are living in times when every eye is turned upon the central figure of the greatest empire in existence today—the King. In the past year there have been many occurrences which have made the position of King of England an especially outstanding one.

In Canada, we turn our eyes instinctively upon the only visible link between us and that great figure—the Governor-General—the King's Choice!

The position of Governor-General is, with the changing times, increasing in difficulty. There are now so many more demands upon his ability, practical experience and wisdom. Radio, newspapers and the higher education of the common people and their increased knowledge and interest in the affairs of the government and country as a whole, all combine to change the position of Governor-General from a figure-head to that of a very active and responsible person.

Fortunately for Canada a man who mysteriously possessed an assemblage of these qualities was found. He is no other than the beloved John Buchan, the admired and respected Lord Tweedsmuir!

The Eastern High School of Commerce needs no introduction to John Buchan, the author. The English Department has surely exhausted every source of information regarding him. A glimpse at our library or at the current book reviews will again tell the story.

Indeed his literary fame as a novelist, biographer and essayist has almost obscured his merits as a poet. However, Lord Tweedsmuir is certainly not a bard of inferior quality for at twenty-three he was awarded the Newdigate prize for verse. Of his many poems, "From the Pentlands, Looking North and South", is regarded as the finest work. The recent announcement of His Excellency's offer to establish an annual Tweedsmuir award for the best poem published in the Canadian Poetry Magazine is a notable event in Canadian literary development.

As a novelist he is probably best known to us. It is rather interesting to know how some of these came to be written. John Buchan had "long cherished an affection for that elementary type of tale which Americans call the 'dime novel' and which we know as the 'shocker'." And again in his own words, "During an illness last winter I exhausted my store of those aids to cheerful-

ness and was driven to write one for myself." That was how *The Thirty-Nine Steps* came into existence. Since then there have been many more.

But it is as a biographer that John Buchan will go down in history. He has left us some immortal and unexcelled works in: *Sir Walter Scott*, *Oliver Cromwell*, *Montrose*, and *The King's Grace, George V.*

In the preface to *Montrose*, Lord Tweedsmuir wrote:

My aim has been to present a great figure in its appropriate setting. . . . I cannot hope to find for my views universal acceptance, but they have not been reached without an earnest attempt to discover the truth.

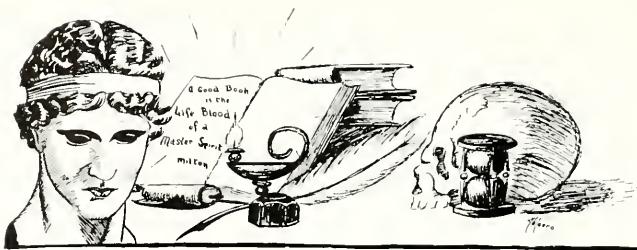
These biographies have fulfilled that aim and that earnest attempt to discover the truth has been appreciated by millions.

The fact that, as John Buchan, he turned his mind successfully to practical business as an active partner in the publishing house of Thomas Nelson and Sons, again shows the versatility of our Governor-General. This should endear him still further to the students of Eastern Commerce for obviously he has covered some, if not all, of the ground that we hope some day to be covering in the business world.

To enumerate a few of his achievements, Lord Tweedsmuir has been to date: novelist, poet, administrator, adviser, publisher, parliamentarian, lawyer, soldier, lecturer, sportsman, Justice of the Peace for the County of Oxfordshire, and Curator of the Oxford University Chest. His accomplishments are seemingly endless.

Thus it is apparent that no previous Governor-General has brought to Canada more ability, practical experience and wisdom than Lord Tweedsmuir. We are exceedingly fortunate in having him. It is to be hoped that he will remain with us just as long as he is willing, and that, as long as he remains, he may be appreciated to the extent that he deserves.

As the Coronation draws nearer, may the students of the Eastern High School of Commerce come to a fuller realization of the importance of the time in which they are living and may their reactions be in accordance. Let us rise and offer a toast to the King, and to his Representative in Canada—Lord Tweedsmuir!



LITERARY

Introduction to the Dance ..

by RUTH KRAISMAN, 3S1

(Senior Essay, First Award)

When you are blissfully dancing in the arms of . . . someone, or listening to some famous dance orchestra, do you ever stop to think of what music is and how it originated? In the following five scenes I shall try to give you some idea of the origin of our modern music.

First let me take you to Africa. It is night-time. The full moon is at its brightest. The deep, mysterious jungle is still. Great, yellow cats silently stalk their prey. Not a sound is heard. Suddenly, like a thunderbolt, out of the night, a dull thud is heard; then another and another, and, as each one is heard, the tempo becomes faster and faster. The shadow of a man leaps across the moon. We whirl around and before us we see a huge fire darting red, yellow and blue tongues of flame at us, but our gaze is riveted on the figure of a man, sitting before a hollow drum. He lifts his hands and lets them fall on the top of the drum and that dull thud is heard again, this time with the patter of naked feet accompanying it. Our gaze darts back to the fire. The picture that springs up in front of us is one of breath-taking savagery.

Black men, leaping wildly in the air, giving vent to wild shrieks, their eyes dilated, their bodies shining in the ghostly moonlight, the flames of the fire throwing weird shadows across their faces, their feet keeping time to the quickening rhythm of the tom-tom.

Collecting our reeling senses, we begin to realize that we have just witnessed the birth of our modern jazz.

Scene two is very brief and is laid in an English court of the early eighteenth century.

Beautifully gowned ladies and gallant be-wigged gentlemen can be seen idly strolling around the spacious room or discussing the latest court gossip in groups. The court musicians take their seats. The couples take their places. The conductor lifts his baton and the lovely Minuet is begun. Although it is not a modern dance, it would indeed be a grave error not to mention it.

Our next trip is to gay Vienna. We are in a large, beautifully decorated ballroom. Through the open window float strains of Johann Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz", and to these same lovely strains, men and women glide gracefully across the dance floor in rhythm with its smooth-flowing melody.





Scene four takes us to sunny Spain. We see a garden filled with dark-eyed señoritas and gay caballeros. From one corner comes the pulsating music of the tango. No sooner is the first note heard than the garden is brightened with dancing couples, for the slow, throbbing tango is not to be resisted.

The last stage of our trip takes us to Hun-

gary. We are in a gypsy camp. The sun is hanging low in the skies and the camp is bathed in a warm, yellow light. Laughing gypsy maidens stand in readiness for the evening dance. The fiddlers raise their bows and draw them back in a slow, plaintive wail. The gypsy girls join hands and dance slowly around the fire in a circle. The music brightens; the dancers quicken their pace, their bracelets and ear-rings playing a gay accompaniment. Gaily-coloured skirts swish around brown legs. Brown arms flung high above black curly heads, lips parted in a smile showing pearly-white teeth, flashing eyes that seem to say, "Without music we would not be gypsies."

So, out of mysterious Africa, sedate England, gay Vienna, romantic Spain and light-hearted Hungary come such songs as the "St. Louis Blues", the "Merry Widow Waltz", "La Paloma", and the "Hungarian Rhapsodies."

OLD ANNIE --

(*Senior Essay, Second Award*)

She sat patiently on the corner, her lined, toil-worn face relaxed into a peaceful smile. The harsh glare of the street light revealed her deep wrinkles, sunken eyes and worn clothes. A stack of newspapers lay on the ground beside her, and yet her gnarled, mottled hands made no move to pick them up. People glanced curiously at her as they passed, but she did not seem to notice. Old Annie, that grand old lady of the newsstands, the darling of the newsboys—was dead.

For the past ten years Annie had supported herself by selling newspapers. Every night at five o'clock, punctual as clock-work, she had appeared on that corner, complete with her stack of papers. When the night's work was done, she gathered up the remaining newspapers, and swept off into the night, as mysteriously and silently as she had come.

She was always dressed in sombre black. Her costume consisted of a voluminous skirt, which swept the dusty sidewalks, a woollen shawl, which covered her almost completely, a pair of high buttoned boots, and an old Salvation Army bonnet, perched rakishly at a defiant yet somehow pitiful angle on her

head. Her face, under the brim of the bonnet, was a network of wrinkles and furrows, but her eyes peered out as bright and snapping as a young girl's. She always carried an old black umbrella, the joints of which creaked rustily whenever it was opened.

I often thought, as I hastened over to buy my usual paper and saw her sitting there in the flickering light of the lamp with ghostly shadows streaming 'round her, that she looked like some old witch. I almost expected to see her weaving her spells on unsuspecting people, and the smell of herbs seemed to linger faintly in the air. But then the spell was broken when I heard, "And how are you tonight, sir?" and looked down to find a pair of roguish, gleaming eyes looking up at me from under bushy grey eyebrows, and realized that it was only gentle, kind Old Annie.

She was a friend to all, especially the poor and helpless. Her unobtrusive little charities were unsung, but many a poor, wretched creature looked at her with gratitude and wonder in his eyes. Everyone brought his little problems to Annie, and she never failed him. To many people she gave a "new lease on life," and her meagre savings were always

by EDNA GEORGE, 381

at the disposal of the needy.

Old Annie was the darling of the newsboys and she loved them all. She had a soft spot in her heart for a little newsboy named Jimmie, a poor, half-starved urchin, who could barely manage his little batch of papers. With him she shared her corner, and every night they could be seen, the tall gaunt old lady, her fiery eyes sweeping over the crowd, and the little ragged boy, with eyes looking like saucers in his small, peaked face.

No one knew where she lived, or whence she came. She became something of a fixture in the city, and she was proudly pointed out to sight-seers and visitors. She took an almost childish delight in being the centre of attraction, and enjoyed having her picture taken by curious tourists.

For ten years now she had plied her trade on that busy corner. She always greeted me kindly, and chatted with me for a few minutes each night. I came to regard her as a real friend, and looked forward to our nightly meetings.

Old Annie lies in state now, in a luxurious casket lined with satin. Yes, it is a costly

coffin, donated by her old customers, and yet I cannot help thinking that she would have preferred a plain wooden one, without the trimmings. The room is heaped with flowers, and their heady scent hangs heavily in the air. People file by this coffin, people from all walks of life. Statesmen and scholars rub shoulders with thieves and beggars. All petty differences and quarrels are forgotten in the presence of this old lady.

As for Jimmie? Well, he still carries on, with a strained, bewildered look on his little face, as if he cannot understand what has happened. He eagerly scans the faces of the passers-by, and gazes hopefully at her corner, as though he expects her to re-appear in her old black garments, and smile kindly at him.

Her stand on the corner is completely hidden with wreaths, and men touch their hats as they go by. Truly, it is a fitting tribute to a gallant old lady who died, I believe, with a peaceful heart, secure in the knowledge that she had done her best to relieve a little of the pain and sorrow that abounds in this world.

Books as Magic Carpets - - -

by OLIVE KAY, 4S1

Have you ever travelled in your imagination to distant lands? Have you ever met strange people, queer customs and superstitions? Have you ever watched the sun set behind some isolated mountain, shedding its dying rays over the snows and staining them a deep crimson and gold, which gradually fades into a tender, pearly grey and finally into black nothingness? Have you—but I have asked enough. Of course not, you say. It is too expensive. I am too young.

But you are not, my friends. I tell you, you can travel. You can watch the sun set in some distant land. You can cross the desert with an Eastern caravan, and at the end of your journey mix with the motley crowd of a glamorous, spicy market. How? Through books.

Books are really, truly magic carpets, which, as a child, you dreamed of owning. They can take you to all parts of the world, into the homes of all classes of people, into

all ages of history. With your carpet all things are possible.

Where do you wish to go first on your carpet? China? The land of mystery, strange customs and religions; the land where old things are worshipped and new ones accepted reluctantly. Or Africa, the country of contrasts? Hot dry days and then, before you can turn around, unceasing, drenching rain; dense jungles, ending abruptly to run into flat plains, with never a tree in sight. You have a passport to these, and more places.

But perhaps you are more interested in romance. Tales of narrow, hair-breadth escapes. Maybe you want to visit the world in the days when knighthood was in flower. Those romantic ages when glamour and colour, dirt and squalor were intermingled indiscriminately.

Books, however, have another purpose. They are for the comfort of sore and tired hearts, to create laughter when you are in

need of cheering up, and to satisfy the soul starved for beauty. In all these, they work their magic, bearing tired souls leagues away from their petty small sorrows and temporarily, at least, banishing greater pains.

Now please, if you are weary, or if you desire adventure without knowing just where to obtain it, or if you are tired of your own narrow life, mount your magic carpet and live.

Drowning

*The wind blew warm
And tried to hold me with a thousand clinging hands,
The earth called out—
Entreating me with grass, and trees, and sands;
I left them all behind
And entered in the sea.*

*It closed around my naked flesh,
And, as I sank, caressed me with an icy touch;
A tangled net of sea-weed mesh
Held me in its slimy clutch;
My straining body reached for air
And only found the sea.*

*The green dark gloom
Enwaps me, no ray can pierce its density;
Weird denizens assume
A weirder air, and stare at me with cold intensity;
My bursting lungs grow weak
And cannot fight the sea—*

ALEX. GILLIES, 3S1.

The Ballet of the Roses //

by RUTH KRAISMAN, 3S1

Backstage is a scene of wild confusion: dancing girls in one corner receiving last minute instructions from the dancing master, an irate property man, in another corner, bellowing out unintelligent orders to nobody in particular, and in yet a third corner stands a distracted costume designer, the object of abuse from wardrobe mistresses, stage-manager, dancers, anybody that happens to see him.

Out in the lobby of the theatre, away from the noise and shouting that certainly would not heighten the glamour of the stage, stand groups of fashionably dressed people. Beautiful women in beautiful gowns; handsome gentlemen in immaculate evening attire. Gradually, they begin to drift towards their seats. The members of the orchestra take their

places. The distinguished conductor comes forward from the wings of the stage, stands for a moment, bowing, in the glare of the spotlight, takes his place on the conductor's stand, raises his baton, and slowly, slowly, the curtain rises on "The Ballet of the Roses".

The scene on the stage is that of a garden. The greenness of the leaves and the general atmosphere of the surroundings instinctively bring to mind thoughts of spring. The orchestra begins to play, and, as the soft notes reach the stage, the make-believe earth begins to break and from the openings slowly rise the dancing girls, clothed in pink-petaled material, symbolizing a rosebud. Stepping gingerly and swaying unsteadily in all the uncertainty of early youth, they come forward

to the front of the stage. With hesitant steps they dance around the garden.

The music swells to a fuller tone, the lights become brighter and the dancers burst forth in a new glory. They are no longer the shy, budding bloom, but the full-grown rose in all the colour and beauty of a summer day. With the quickening tempo of the music the dancers whirl around in a fantasy of colour

and grace. The tempo soars to a thrilling climax—and breaks off abruptly. The dancers pause in bewilderment. The orchestra strikes up again, but in a sadder, softer vein. The light begins to fade. The dancers slowly sink to the ground. The silken curtain is lowered and the audience breaks forth in loud and prolonged applause at the conclusion of "The Ballet of the Roses".

Books as Magic Carpets - -

by ELSIE ANDERSON, 4G

Let us rub our magic ring or lamp as Aladdin and jump backwards to the time when we were seven or eight years old. How wonderful it was to step upon the magic carpet of Hans Anderson or Grimm and be immediately whisked to the Land of Make Believe. There we had a glorious time with Snow White, Rose Red, Hansel and Gretchen, Beauty and the Beast, and the great Giants. Today we do not believe in such childish fancies but want to visit other lands where the people are real and just as interesting. There seems to be one difficulty to overcome before we can travel and that is the financial problem, but why worry about that when we can visit many lands by walking to the library or borrowing books from our friends?

Let us step upon the magic carpet of Rudyard Kipling, and, through the pages of Kim, we see India. The first stopping place is Lahore. After wandering around we arrive at the old Ajaib-Gher, and there, seated upon the old Zam-Zammah is Kim. He takes us through the wonder house and other curious sections of the city. After resting the night in Lahore we travel on to Umballa with Kim still as our guide. From Umballa we go to Benares. What strange characters we have met! How strange their customs are to ours. Now our curiosity is so aroused that we want to see more of India. Kim can take us no farther, but between the covers of other books are characters almost as interesting.

From India let us travel to the frozen north. No country appeals to my imagination more than our own northlands. There, is the romance of bygone days—the fur trade, half-breeds, Indians, and, most of all, the red-

coated Mounties. I have travelled through this country with James Hendryx, travelled by sled and dog-team, on foot and by canoe, and even had the thrilling experience of panning gold.

We must step upon our carpet again and the stopping place is the fishing grounds of the deep-sea Nova Scotia fishermen. In "Captains Courageous" the whole process of fishing is clearly described. It shows the perils and hardships the fishermen are forced to face so that we may have varieties of fish on our table.

We step upon our magic carpet once more, and this time we are almost home, but let us stop for a moment with Mazo de la Roche at the home of the Whiteoaks. What more could one ask for in a book? The ups and downs of a family, the troubles, the family fights and arguments are all summed up in the word "real".

We are home once more, back to the worries of school, examinations, and homework. Our magic carpet must be put away until we can find a few moments to travel again.





TEARS BY PROXY

*Houses do not know how to cry;
When one is sorrowful
Because the folks inside have gone away,
And it is growing old.
Or, perhaps,
Because the roof requires fresh paint,
It can not pour out its grief in words
But must stand mutely miserable.
Sometimes the Sky
Sheds sympathetic drops, which fall
Glistening,—
Clinging to the house's cheeks
Slow, sad tears.*

DOROTHY SIGMUND, Special I

ENTERPRISE

*Time has not estranged
Infinite and finite:
The world has not changed
Nor people in it.*

*Though mortal flesh dissolve,
Steadfast behind it
Abides all high resolve,—
And I shall find it!*

DOROTHY SIGMUND, Special I

EASTERN ECHO

Twenty-seven

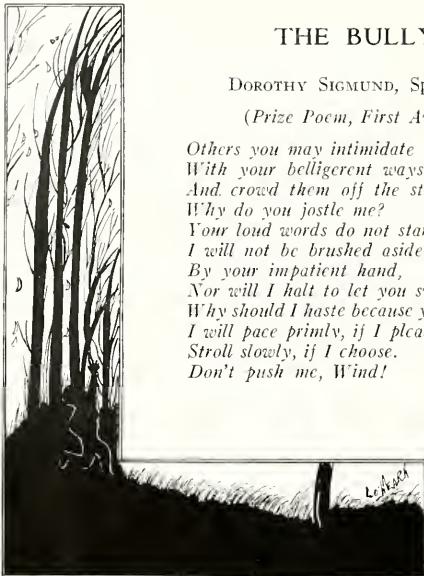
WAYSIDE SHRINE

*Beneath the frailest roof of pine,
You stand in calm placidity.
The ceaseless ravages of time
Have marred your smile's lucidity,
But deeper set, for time eternal,
Is fixed that frozen look maternal,
Bent upon the plaster charm
Of the plaster Child, upon your arm.*

*A woman, bent, in silence prays;
She seeks some solace from your gaze;
Then rising, stiff, lays a flower
Upon the altar of your bower.
Strange comfort found she in your face
That looks so blankly into space.*

*I later passed and saw the bloom,
Now sere and torn with aged gloom,
And still you smiled as you had done
When flower was fresh and the pain was young
And then I knew you keep the same
Through countless prayers of deepest pain,
And still you smile with fixed expression
That empty glance of sweet compassion.*

ALEX. GILLIES, 3S1.



THE BULLY

DOROTHY SIGMUND, Special I

(*Prize Poem, First Award*)

*Others you may intimidate
With your belligerent ways,
And crowd them off the street,—
Why do you jostle me?
Your loud words do not startle me;
I will not be brushed aside
By your impatient hand,
Nor will I halt to let you swagger past;
Why should I hasten because you want me to?
I will pace primly, if I please,—
Stroll slowly, if I choose.
Don't push me, Wind!*

TWO DOGS

*The dog next door is a stylish dog,
His pedigree runs a mile.
Our dog is only a pup, who shows
His tongue in a cheery smile.*

*The dog next door has a plump tail,
He carries it like a flag.
Our dog has only a two-inch stub,
But whistle, and see it wag!*

*The dog next door doesn't like to play,
He's rather afraid of noise.
Our dog is always the friendly sort,
To romp with a crowd of boys.*

*Our dog's old collar is frayed and worn,
His leash is a piece of twine.
The stylish dog is the neighbour's dog,
But our little dog is mine!*

RUTH CROOK, 2F.

Twenty-eight

CLIPPER SHIP

*To the Horn!
It leaves behind a trail
Of curdled white; the wind
Blows strong, and billowing sail
Seeks to pace the screaming gull.*

*A storm is born!
And shrieking gale bears the ship
Upon the crested wave;
The lowering clouds frown and dip
To meet the violent sea.*

*Then blessed calm,
And, idly rolling on an oily swell,
The tattered sails are mirrored
Like the empty image of some city belle.
The timbers rest for they are tired.*

ALEX. GILLIES, 3S1.

EASTERN ECHO



THE FAIRY BALL

OLIVE KAY, 4S1

(*Prize Poem, Second Award*)

*The Fairies will have a ball to-night
And I am asked to be there.
My dress will be made of a rose-leaf light,
Girdled with cobwebs, silver and white;
I'll gather the dew-drops fair and bright
And sprinkle them in my hair.*

*And perhaps I'll see the Fairy Queen
In a shimmering silken gown.
And all the fairies will dance on the green;
The music played will be wild and keen;
The ring will be lighted by the sheen
That the silver moon pours down.*

MELODY IN F

*Ceaselessly stumbling in to the shore
Waves drench the hard white sand at my feet,
Bluer than sky, flecked with foam they retreat.
Crying, the gulls wheel by.*

*Sudden and cool blows the wind from the lake,
Like a dear hand caressing my face.
Goldenrod, aster, and Queen Anne's Lace
Colour the grey cliff walls.*

*Pale in the west rides a hornéd moon,
Softly green is the sky's afterglow;
Peace, as the evening star dips low,
Comes to the heart of me.*

HELEN BRADSHAW, SPECIAL I.

SONG

*Whene'er I find my life is gray
I gaze around and softly say,
"See the grass has power to grow;
See the flowers bending low;
See the wind in boisterous glee
Shake the birds in yonder tree;
See the rain has deigned to fall
And slake the yearning thirst of all—"*

*I look above and see the sky
That shelters us so tenderly,
And then my heart, uplifted, sings
A paean to all natural things.*

ALEX. GILLIES, 3S1.



"A Summer Evening"



"Drizzle"

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CANDLES IN TALL HOLDERS

ALEX. GILLIES, 381

(*Senior Story, First Award*)

The Crescent was within a whisper's length of one of the city's busiest thoroughfares, which imparted to it a peculiar isolation of its own as complete as though miles of wilderness surrounded it. Each house on the Crescent was a counterpart of its neighbour, for the breath of a metropolis had long since given each a coating of dirt, dust, smoke and grime, successfully hiding each trace of difference and presenting a dreary sameness to the onlooker. Within the tiny compass of these houses, the McGows had spent the better part of their lives—if the comparative can be used in talking of anything so monotonously drab as the existence of the McGows.

There were seven of them. When the inhabitants of the Crescent thought of the McGows, they unconsciously graded them as Mrs. and Mr. McGow, Jinny and "the kids". This arrangement is significant.

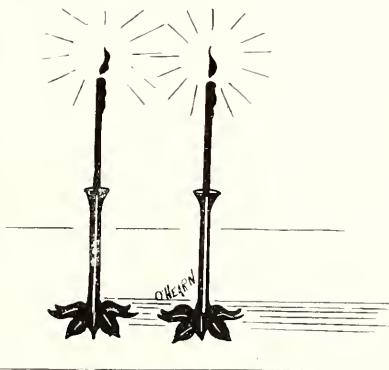
Mrs. McGow had taken on the complexion of the house she dwelt in, her individuality drained dry of any personality, as if each succeeding child had taken a portion of her vitality for its own. After the first baby, McGow had called her "Ma", and from then on that name placed her in a definite niche of life as inescapable as death itself. Her name, Virginia, unable to survive the obscuring process that was marriage, had been given to her first-born. But from the day a tired minister had sprinkled that name upon her protesting countenance, that girl had been known as Jinny.

In her own personal thoughts, however, she was Virginia, Virginia! In a small way that made up for an awkward figure, lifeless hair, poor teeth, and a sallow skin. Jinny had, it is true, tried unsuccessfully to get

her family to call her "Virginia", but such an effort was beyond their narrow conceptions. Jinny was "Jinny", and nothing could alter that. Indeed, McGow, with his usual petty maliciousness, had shortened it to Jin. His daughter's obvious dislike of the diminution had amused him considerably.

"She hates Jin worse than a temperance society", he once brought out in a sudden burst of wit. This brilliant witticism became a classic in his limited repertoire, to be trotted forth whenever an occasion presented itself—and even more frequently.

McGow was a weak, vacillating creature, lazy and vindictive, who worked off his grudge against the supremely indifferent world by bullying his helpless family. With characteristic stupidity he threw up his job as sweeper in a department store when his independence was threatened by hints from his superiors that the quality of his work fell



short of the standard expected by fussy and over-particular employers. Of course this was in 1930 when a depression was merely a low level between two hills. His wife said nothing, by which she established no precedent; but Jinny's shoulders bowed a little more and the downward twist to her narrow lips became permanent.

Jinny earned \$8.00 a week in Ernstein's Trouser Company, where she had worked as a pattern cutter since she had left school. She was an efficient worker and was highly regarded by Ernstein himself, an affable Jew, who constantly surprised people by treating his workers as human beings. Therefore, knowing Jinny's future to be secure and with a light conscience as a result, Jinny's father appropriated 75c of her meagre weekly earnings for tobacco.

"After all, a man's got to have his smoke, don't he?" he told his wife reasonably and indignantly. To this unanswerable piece of logic, she was of course silent. That this meant Jinny had to rise an hour earlier to walk to work, was of course unfortunate—but unavoidable.

However, Jinny found that even this inconvenience had its compensations. Her daily pilgrimage led past the windows of the large department stores which displayed, with theatrical perfection, the latest in furniture and furnishings. Jinny found an absorbing interest in these inanimate beauties. Sometimes, even in the middle of her perpetual Ethel M. Dell novel, she would find herself in the room she had seen that morning, handling the beautiful china, stroking with the hands of a lover the gleaming expanse of the table, feasting her eyes on the gleam of the silverware and caressing with delight the creamy softness of the linen. Then, with the cruelty of a physical blow, she would return to her surroundings, and, hastily, as an antidote, would lose herself once more in her vicarious romancings. Her favorite plan was refurnishing their own house. Drying the dishes at night, she would hold forth to her mother, brothers and sisters on the art of interior decorating, which they listened to as a sort of fairy tale. Not even the snores of their father from the bedroom disturbed them.

So it went. McGow joined a Communist group and abused an uncaring government with a new set of catch-words. Jinny still walked to work and watched avidly the

changes in the window displays. One day she stopped short to admire a beautiful dining-room suite (\$1,119.00 — 10% down; balance in twelve equal monthly payments). Though she unconsciously admired the whole, her real attention was riveted on a beautiful pair of silver candlesticks that adorned the table. Although she could not feel it, to her subconscious mind they were a symbol of all her cravings, of her starved love for beauty now perverted into a passion for dead things of wood and glass and metal. Weeks afterwards she remembered vividly the slender intricacy of those candlesticks, tall and gleaming, holding their tapering green candles.

That night she described the dining-room to her family, but as an added feature she said,

"and, Ma, on our dining-room table we'll have candles, green candles, in tall holders."

"Not just candles, mind you, but green ones, in tall holders."

"Good Lord! Jinny, what for?" asked her mother. "Ain't we got electricity?"

But Jinny was finding something beautiful in the handleless cup she was drying and only smiled in answer.

Meanwhile, in the morning, the winter wind grew more bitter. Jinny was saving for a winter coat, but her shabby tweed with its mangy collar must suffice a little longer. Now she hurried past the windows only darting glances at them, for bone and marrow chilled if she lingered. But one morning the candlesticks, the same ones, were again part of a display, and breathless, Jinny was compelled to stop. Heedless of the biting wind that moulded and permeated her frail body, she stood and gazed, drinking in each detail but always conscious of those two candlesticks, like silver flames issuing from the smoky, glowing oak. Then, shivering and with teeth chattering, she hurried on, half-running, to make up for lost time.

That night when she returned home, she still shivered although she had a hectic flush on her cheeks. The next morning she couldn't talk, and, in spite of her father's worried warnings, decided that it was impossible for her to drag her racked body to work. The doctor was considered, but that night, after a mustard plaster and hot lemonade, Jinny's condition had improved and she assured her anxious parent that she would return to work on the morrow. Mrs. McGow attended to

her for the night, and Jinny, suddenly garulous, returned to her favorite subject — furnishing the house.

"We'll have couches and armchairs, and breakfast sets, and bedroom suites, and dining-room suites, and velvet drapes, and silk curtains—and, oh! Ma, I'd like everything."

"Don't forget your candles", said her mother, patting smooth the ragged quilt.

"No, Ma, I won't forget. I'll have candles, green ones, in tall holders." Smiling, she snuggled lower into sleep.

That night Mrs. McGow was awakened by loud, harsh, tearing, animal chokings from Jinny's room. Her husband, irritable and confused, was helpless. Frantically, leaving him to watch, she ran for the doctor. He, however, with deep anger at their delay in calling him, was useless. Two hours later, in a cold wintry dawn, Jinny died. Dead too, for the moment, her grey-faced mother sat by her side, like some charcoal study by Van Gogh, blurred and toil-worn in the dimness.

The funeral was everything to be expected of the Crescent. Consoling neighbours filled the house, with McGow running about in maudlin grief. A few wreaths, pitifully

small but potently ghastly, filled the house with a sickish-sweet odour. Jinny lay in a cheap coffin under a pink lamp, looking, as the neighbours put it, "real pretty and so lifelike".

There was only one bizarre note in this otherwise commonplace spectacle. Borrowing on the strength of the insurance money, Mrs. McGow had slipped out and returned with two tall silver candlesticks and green candles. These she had placed at the head of her daughter. On the eve of the funeral she slipped in and lit them. To her kindly but curious neighbours' discreetly veiled questions, she only said in a small, clear voice—more awful than any paroxysm of grief—"Jinny always wanted to have candles." For a moment her eyes were somewhere else, and her voice was that of one repeating an echo.

"Not just candles, mind you, but green ones, in tall holders."

As she ended, her voice was brittle and dry as if it might snap at any instant, and then it was replaced with the same unnatural calm, in which you could hear her heart breaking.

And in the candle's uncertain fluttering light, Jinny looked almost beautiful.

Belated Awakening //

RUTH GARLIN, 4G

Prize Story—Second Award

"I can't understand why Uncle won't come to the city with us and leave this dreary place for ever," said Jean rather impatiently to her brother while they were preparing for their home journey.

"It seems rather unusual I must admit," Robert added thoughtfully. "He has plenty of money now: Mother and Father would love to have him live with us, and you know Mother has said that he has developed a dangerous heart condition and should not live alone. But there certainly must be some reason for it."

As they were packing, John Morgan, their uncle, entered the room. He was a fine distinguished-looking man, tall, broad and erect. His hair had been black but was now turning in colour and at the temples was

nearly white. He may have been forty-five. At first sight he looked to be in the height of good health despite his failing heart, and he was certainly very handsome. On closely observing his face, however, one noticed that it was rather drawn and had the pinched, pained look of one who had known suffering. His eyes contained the vacant far-away look of a dreamer—or of one who seemingly did not live entirely in this world.

He advanced towards his young niece and nephew and smiled kindly upon them.

"It was good of you two," he said, "to keep an old man company. But doubtless you will be glad to get back to the city and leave this place—I know it's a rather dead place for two such active children."

"We've enjoyed every minute of it, Uncle John," Robert answered. "Thank you for having us."

Robert wanted to implore his uncle once more to return and live with them in L——, but he had turned the matter over in his mind and had come to the conclusion that it would not be the best thing to do. As he told himself repeatedly—there certainly was some reason for his refusal. But Jean was more thoughtless.

"Why won't you come and live with us, Uncle John?" she asked, "you surely don't like this lonely place."

A pained look crept into John Morgan's eyes. "Don't ever ask me that, child. It is sufficient for you to know that I never shall. I love this place; every thing about it has a sweet association. My only wish is that I may die here. That is why I shall never leave it."

That was all he said—that was the most he had ever said. Robert motioned Jean out of the room with the whispered explanation, "I think he wants to be left alone."

A few hours later they had made their adieus and were on the train speeding for the city.

And a few hours later, the lonely figure of John Morgan could have been seen walking slowly along the shore which ran beside the sea a short distance from the Morgan estate. He stopped and looked around and saw nothing to his left but water, coldly reaching in, coldly sweeping out; nothing to his right but the cliff and the dunes beyond. Once more he sensed the horrible loneliness of it all, and his head dropped upon his breast, and his hand ran wearily through his hair.

He stood thus for many minutes. Suddenly the familiar roar of the onrushing waters broke his troubled reverie. The tide! How many times had he heard it surging in, destroying everything in its path. And yet he had, in his perplexed state of mind, entirely forgotten that it ever existed. Would he, this time, be its victim? He turned and started climbing the cliff—the only way out—as if to escape his inevitable fate. He made his way slowly and painfully, his breath coming in short gasps for he realized that he must reach safety. A few scrub oaks up the side offered assistance. He clutched them, panting after the severe strain wrought upon his weakening heart and lay still for a moment. He struggled to raise himself, but the torturing pain and his increasingly difficult breathing made this impossible. He

realized that his last hour had come. He had just enough consciousness to realize where he was—and to recall another, whose tragedy had so changed the course of his life. Inaudibly his lips framed once again a few broken words: "Elizabeth . . . Elizabeth . . . I'm so sorry . . . I haven't been ashamed of you because you were crippled . . . not for a long time . . . never in my heart . . . Elizabeth . . . I still loved you . . . and I never told you."

* * *

It was a gay evening in June, 1904. There was music in the air and the beautiful spacious estate of John Morgan was alive with colour and laughter. Everyone was happy and especially so were John Morgan and Elizabeth Thompson, for it was the evening before their wedding and it was a huge garden party being given in their honour by the prospective bridegroom's parents.

Unexpectedly a cry arose above the celebrating—little Robert Morgan, John's nephew and just a baby, had somehow managed to get through one of the garden gates and was in the centre of the road. Coming directly towards the spot was a carriage and two racing horses. It was quite evident that the man in the carriage was drunk, for he had no control over the horses, and to Elizabeth's shame and horror she recognized her own father. The baby, Robert, was standing helplessly looking at the oncoming horses. Elizabeth's mind was in a state of frenzy—her John's little nephew to be killed perhaps by her own father—and he was drunk—Oh, how could he—on the eve of her wedding too! With tears in her eyes she dashed forward through the gates, and, just as the horses were almost upon Robert, she clasped him in her arms and turned to carry him off—but she was too late—they were upon her—she could feel her strength leaving, and, with all she could muster, she threw the baby towards the edge of the road—she remembered no more.

For months Elizabeth lay maimed and disfigured in her little room. At first John came regularly but of course she did not know him, and then gradually his visits became less frequent, for he could not bear to see the girl who had once been so alive, now a helpless cripple, cut off from everything that had been so much a part of their lives.

On the day that the doctor reported that Elizabeth would always be crippled, John was

there. He was terribly shocked and could not believe it.

"There must be some mistake! I can afford the best doctors. Something can be done — I'm sure of it. I won't believe this!"

He did have the best physicians, but the verdict was the same. Maybe, they said, that in time she would walk with the aid of a crutch and the scars would, in time, disappear, but that was all that could be expected.

Elizabeth nearly gave up hope at the news but somehow managed to keep her courage, but, when John apparently began to neglect her, she had nothing more to live for.

Days passed into weeks and weeks into months, and she was walking now with a crutch. But that was harder to bear than just lying in bed all day. She became almost a recluse.

She had not seen John for over a week and decided to go for a walk down near the estate—perhaps she would see him and talk things over with him. There was a dull pain in her heart as she thought of this, for she realized that she could no longer expect him to marry her. But if he wanted to break off their engagement permanently, at least he should have told her. This uncertainty was killing her—she had a right to know.

It was getting dark but still sufficiently light for her to see two figures coming down the walk between an avenue of trees. One was a rather beautiful young girl, who was, although unknown to Elizabeth, a cousin of John Morgan's; she was clinging eagerly to her escort's arm and smiling up happily into his face. Elizabeth looked at the young man—it was John!

Her heart died within her at the sight, but she realized the hopelessness of it all, and with a heart-broken sob she departed as quickly as she could. As she was leaving she thought she heard her name—but it was probably her imagination.

She was making for the cliff, her distraught mind was becoming calmer and colder—she was no longer afraid. Nothing mattered any more—John was gone forever, so she had nothing to live for—her family cared nothing for her, and she, although she had tried many times to feel differently, returned the feeling. She was a helpless cripple and could

do nothing for herself. She would always be a burden to some one.

She was almost there now and was walking slowly and with great difficulty. Finally, she stood at the top of the cliff a little bewildered. She heard her name and looked back. It was John; then it had not been her imagination. Her mind raced—he pitied her, that was it, he was feeling sorry for her. But she did not want his sympathy; she did not want anyone's sympathy.

A trembling overtook her whole body, but she shook it off and once more the deadly calm took possession of her. It was all over now. She heard John coming towards her; in desperation she advanced nearer the edge of the cliff. Without warning she could feel the edge of the cliff giving way beneath her feet, and then she felt herself falling, falling, down the side of the cliff only to be suddenly stopped by a few scrub oaks. Lifeless, her once lovely happy self, now free from pain and suffering, lay there, for ever still.

John raced along until he came to a part of the cliff which was not so steep, and in his haste half fell down the side. But he finally arrived at the spot where Elizabeth's body lay. As he looked upon the once beautiful face, now so changed by worry and suffering both mental and physical, his mind almost wandered. Half-distracted he picked up her body and somehow managed to carry her back muttering as he went:

"Elizabeth . . . Elizabeth . . . I'm so sorry. . . . I haven't been ashamed of you because you were crippled . . . not for a long time . . . never in my heart . . . Elizabeth. . . . I still loved you . . . and I never told you."

* * *

At the far corner of a country churchyard near the old Morgan estate in M . . . , there are two little graves. And there are two small stones on which are inscribed:

Elizabeth Ann Thompson—only daughter of Emily Tucher and Neil Thompson.

Born July 18, 1880

Died June 25, 1905

John Andrew Morgan—beloved son of May Deegan and Major O. E. Morgan

Born Sept. 15, 1875

Died Aug. 30, 1920

Above these is written: "In death were they united".

Quiet Please //

by MADELINE MASON, 3C

"Quiet Please" read the sign on the door of the glass-enclosed room.

A shabbily-dressed woman pushed her daughter toward the door.

"Don't be scared, Sally," she said. "Sing like you do at home."

The announcer was a pleasant man. He took Sally by the hand and told the microphone she was Sally Deane, "just 10 years old", who was going to sing and dance. Sally's ambition was to star in musical comedies. "Give her a great, big hand," he said.

Mrs. Deane sat outside the glass-enclosed room with other anxious parents, next to a sad-eyed young man with a violin case and a painted girl who looked bored and said these amatchoor hours were getting lousy.

But Mrs. Deane had no eyes for the young man or the painted girl. Sally had started to sing. Her voice rose in a happy lift from the glass-enclosed room. Even the painted girl listened and the sad-eyed young man looked less sad. Then Sally danced, the rhythmic patter of her feet tapping out the tempo of the tune. The announcer was promising great things for Sally.

The painted girl and the young man with the violin case had gone inside. Sally was being called back. Mrs. Deane smiled happily, recalling the applause of the days when she sang and danced, but only in the chorus. For Sally she had visions of better things.

There would be a star's dressing room and orchids and wealth and fame.

* * *

But, the program was over now. Sally skipped at her mother's side, clasping a precious package in her hand. It was the gift she had won, and she remembered what the announcer had said about her becoming a great star one day.

Sally's feet twinkled across a busy street. A horn sounded and tires screeched on dusty pavement; a thud, a rush of feet! Mrs.

Deane knelt beside the child. Crowds appeared from nowhere. A policeman took charge and the clang of an ambulance was heard.

* * *

In a long, white corridor paced a shabbily-dressed woman, her eyes anxious. A nurse, too brisk and business-like, hurried by. Down the long corridor Mrs. Deane walked.

From an elevator they wheeled Sally, her blond prettiness shadowed by Death. Mrs. Deane scanned the faces of the attendants for some sign, but they were all too brisk and business-like. While the mother watched, they moved Sally into one of the rooms, and over the door was the sign, "Quiet Please".



COMPENSATION

*With lolling head, and drooping eye,
And fixed and vacant stare,
She sits; of any pitying sigh
She dimly is aware.*

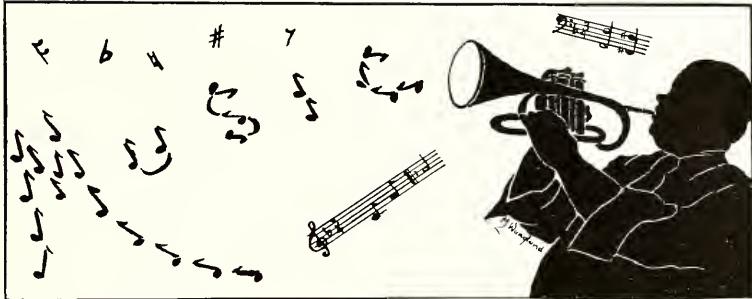
*She sits; hands folded patiently,
Her frail and wasted frame,
Her great eyes which moved listlessly,
Some soul forgot to claim.*

*Like windows of a house, her eyes,
(No one abiding there),
Are wholly empty of surprise,
High hope, or deep despair.*

*I think her soul in jealous fear
Of dimming on this earth,
Lingers on some celestial sphere
In radiance of mirth.*

*A pale, thin wraith; what need has she
In this world's work to share?
Chained though her mortal self may be—
Her soul is lodged elsewhere.*

DOROTHY SIGMUND, Special I



MUSICAL ANALYSIS

JACK DAVID, 3S1

These days we are confronted with two distinct kinds of music. First there are opera, symphonic and classical music, which are the best there are in this world. Secondly, there is popular music, which we hear by far the most every day on our radios.

Opera music is appreciated most by people who understand it in all its ways; classical, a less serious style, is enjoyed by the average music lover; popular by the general public.

Lately some men have created some "stuff" called "jazz", which is as bad as the name itself, and it also sounds worse. It shows how much some people know of music when they applaud it on the radio. Jazz is not to be classed as music, but should be put aside as a curse to real musical appreciation.

Radio has its good and bad programs. The following are worth your attention:

Ford Sunday Evening Hour,
General Motors Program,
Metropolitan Opera Broadcast,
Firestone Program,
Cities Service Program,
Philharmonic Symphony Program.

SCHOOL "MUSIC NOTES"

The piano recitals at the school on Thursdays in the first lunch period, have been a real treat, thanks to Mrs. Procunier, the pianist. It is very enjoyable to listen to the pieces selected in school hours, while we are relaxing from the morning's activities.

The Girls' Chorus sang at the Commencement and the Christmas concert, and is under

the able leadership of Miss Howard. The Chorus gave two pleasing numbers at the Commencement, and sang with a very good harmonic tone.

MUSIC MASTERS' SERIES

J. SAMBROOK, 3A

Those who love piano have been given a wonderful opportunity this season at the Eaton Auditorium through the "Music Masters' Series", consisting of five piano recitals by five world-famous pianists. Amid the refinement and stateliness of this magnificent auditorium, and with music lovers surrounding one, it certainly makes such an event most effective and memorable.

Our first enjoyable experience was in October, when Harold Bauer, an English pianist, opened the series. It was quite noticeable that this musician was a scholar. His own re-arrangement of Handel's suite, "Overture", "Allemande", "Sarabande", "Courante", "Piece", and "Air varie", refreshed it and yet did not lessen our appreciation of Handel's skill. The last movement, "Air varie", was based on Handel's famous "The Harmonious Blacksmith". Schubert's "Impromptu in A Flat" and Debussy's "La Cathederal engloutie" were also sensational parts of his fine programme.

At our second concert, in December, we heard "A Giant of the Keyboard", the French pianist, Robert Casadesus, who showed great polish to his playing. His Schubert number, "Papillons", exhibited his superb mastery of the piano. Scarlotti, Debussy, and Chopin were also represented in his programme.

Our January concert brought us a surprise: Albert Hirsh, young American pianist of



"**SIFT** by the **CAMERA!**"



about twenty-one. Tall, informal and care-free in manner, he gave us a programme representing all types in classics,—Sonatas, Etudes, Preludes, and 'Story Sketches'. His style and technique made the compositions of Griffes, Ravel, and Debussy most realistic. Mozart's "Sonata in F Major" was done with its simple style and Scriabiné's "Three Etudes" suited this type of pianist who rendered them with sympathetic interpretation.

With all the delight we received from the performance of these three artists, we were, in reality, waiting for the February recital, because of its artist, Sergi Rachmaninoff. Sergi Rachmaninoff is known to-day as the second greatest living pianist, being surpassed in popular esteem only by Paderewski, who is unequalled for genius in piano playing. Rachmaninoff was born in Novgorod, Russia, in 1876. He began his career while still very young and gained his fame before attempting the more difficult piano technique. He is a 'Composer of Originality' with two operas "The Bohemians" and "The Avaricious Knight"; two concertos; a symphony; a symphonic poem; a cantata, "Spring"; and many pianoforte compositions, his "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" being the best known, to his credit. As for his recital, we sat breathless at the thought of having such a character in reach of our vision, and what is more, to be

given the privilege of seeing him at his 'triumph'. His first number was one of Bach's best-known fugues, "Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor". This was his first number and one of his two best. His wonderful ability at staccato and cross-hand work revealed him to us as a wizard. His other number, referred to above, was his Chopin group: "Valse", "Nocturne", "Mazurka" and "Rondo", all of which are well-known to students and therefore delighted them to hear and see these works played by a great master. His own score, "Three Etudes Tableaux", was presented as three different tone scenes as definite as pantomimes. Liszt's "Sonetto del Petrarco" was a touch of fine elegant romance, and Wagner's "Magic Fire" was done as if an orchestration work. His two glorious encores, "Spinning Song", and "Liebeslied", his own arrangement, brought a never-to-be-forgotten evening to a close. For five minutes the audience applauded, hoping for his famous "C Sharp Minor Prelude", but alas, when the genius again appeared, it was only for his final 'au revoir', and the crowd finally went away enraptured with the mysterious beauty of what they had heard.

This series of recitals will be completed in March, when we hear a woman pianist of great distinction, Poldi Mildner.

A Word About the Photography *by* CARL YELLAND, Special I

The photography in this year's *Echo* has been divided into three groups in proportion as care and preparation, as well as a striving for the beautiful, has entered into their make-up. On the opposite page you will recognize the current equivalent of "Snapshots" page of last year's *Echo*, a group of casual photos. On page 55, opposite your Photo Editor's effort to interest you more in getting good pictures, is another group, a little more formal, showing some attempt at intentional effect. While on page 30 are two studies reproduced by the kind permission of Mr. Everett Roseborough, a young professional photographer, whose hobby, notwithstanding, is photography. The two pictures reproduced were taken in pursuit of the "hobby phase" of his activity, and hence are by no means out of place in the *Echo*, intended as they are to show the beautiful

and striking effects obtainable by painstaking care and good camera judgment. Each page has its individual standards of excellence, and the photos reproduced, especially on the page "Shot by the Camera!", measure up well by the standards of that page.

As for a Camera Club (and your Photo Editor has heard not a little discussion of the possibility of one) it is up to you cameraminded people to get to work and organize one. All comment from those in charge seems quite favourable, as was Mr. Keast's word on the matter in January, during one of our Auditorium meetings. So, submitting this year's gleanings, we repeat "It's Up to You!" "Eastern Commerce Camera Club" is possible, if you want it enough—and Good Luck!



ORCHESTRA

Front Row: Jack Sambrook, Reg. Costello, Hugo Hodgkinson, Marlowe Dawe, Jim Virtue, Lillian Baker, Alan Blair, Carl Hiltz.
Middle Row: Herb. Yates, Mr. H. R. Tufts, Alf. Nelson, Jack Cruise, Dave Savage, Walter Hibbins, Ed. Hawes, Fred Nelson.
Back Row: Alan Ahier, Ian Shepherd, Ken. Green, Ian Bradley, George Slugg, Doug. Hendon.
Absent: Ed Porter, Muriel Arams, Doryne Burgess, Alex Dellio, Art. Gray, Dave Hare, Don. Hutchinson, Robert McMeakin, Harry Martin, Jean Rapple, George Gresham, Reg. Abbott, Reg. Heise, Len. Mason, John Durham, Dan. Goss, Stan. Nelson, Wilf. Williams.

ORCHESTRA NOTES --

by ED. PORTER

During the past year the school orchestra has risen to new heights in the field of music, and its youthful members are becoming more accomplished with the passing of every practice.

Under the guidance and perseverance of the leader, Mr. H. Tufts, the orchestra is gradually becoming recognized as a great asset to the school.

We have filled numerous engagements so far this season, some of which were at Kew Beach School, the Commencement Exercises, the Merchandising Display and at Woodgreen United Church.

The annual sleighing party was of course out of the question this year. The postponement of this event was a great disappointment to the orchestra members and their friends who have enjoyed the previous outings. However, plans are under way for a

social, but the exact date has not been decided.

There are two members of the orchestra this year who should receive honorable mention.

The first is Jim Virtue, whose remarkable whistling ability has brought him encore after encore in his rendition of "The Whistler and His Dog." A Whistler who can be heard above a full orchestra is something of which few orchestras can boast, and we are indeed fortunate in having him with us.

The second is Herb. Yates, a new member this year, who has proved himself to be a whirlwind player on the bells and xylophone. His bells in Goldman's "On the Mall" has given new life to that famous march. As a well known newspaper columnist says, "Orchids to them."

Eastern Echoes

Being a general resumé
of school activities
during the
past year





THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Front Row: F. Woodrow, Treasurer; Elsie Kearn, Secretary; Mr. Chard, Staff Adviser; Winnifred Kay, President; Mr. Gray, Honorary President; Miss Weir, Staff Adviser; W. Flynn, President Literary and Dramatic Society.

Back Row: M. Morrison, Secretary Literary and Dramatic Society; Alice Kerr, President Girls' Athletics; R. Garlin, Business Manager "Echo"; R. Costello, Secretary Orchestra; Edna Muir, Secretary Girls' Club; Betty Swindlehurst, Editor "Echo"; Audrey Wilson, Secretary Girls' Athletics.

Absent: E. Martin, Vice-President.

•

The Eleventh Students' Council // by WINNIFRED KAY, 4ST

This year the Council is seeking more than ever to develop School Spirit, and this year, more than ever, we are receiving the co-operation of the students. Council fees have been almost 100% paid, and strong support has been given to all the sub-societies.

The Rugby Dance and the two Tea Dances have been well attended and were enjoyed by everyone. We are striving to make the Annual Dance, to be held on March 12th, the very best and most enjoyable yet.

We want you to understand that, although you may not think so, everything we do is in your interest, and any suggestions you have to offer with regard to promoting good fellowship and co-operation among the students will be well received by us.



SOCIAL

COMMENCEMENT --

by HELEN ADAMS, 4S2

Time rolls on! Commencement! The word echoed through the corridors of Eastern Commerce, as final preparations were made for this reunion of our graduates.

The auditorium was beautifully decorated with ferns and chrysanthemums, and the gay school colours were to be seen everywhere.

We had with us at this, our 11th annual commencement, a number of members from the Board of Education and also a group of business men.

The orchestra, directed by Mr. Tufts, entertained us until 8 p.m., when the doors of the auditorium were opened, and our proud graduates entered, as the overture was being played.

Our Principal, Mr. Walter Keast, B.A., gave a short address dealing with the work of the school and the assistance given to the students in finding employment.

Misses Muriel and Lucy Reubens played a Two-Piano Selection, "Danse Macabre." The audience showed their appreciation with applause for an encore.

Now began the presentation of diplomas. It was a time that had been looked forward to by the students, a time when their years of hard work is acknowledged in front of teachers, parents and friends. The fifth year General Business Diplomas were presented by

Dr. Spaulding assisted by Mr. C. C. Smith.

Dr. E. A. Hardy B.A., D.Paed., O.B.E., the speaker for the evening, thanked the students on behalf of his wife for the flowers which had been sent to her. Due to illness she was unable to attend. He delivered a very interesting talk, the subject of which was, "On Being Canadian."

As Mr. Frank A. Spence, B.A., our Assistant Principal was absent through illness, his work fell on Mr. Rowe, who, although called upon unexpectedly, certainly took charge in a very capable manner and presented the fourth year diplomas.

The Girls' Chorus, under the capable direction of Miss Howard, sang two numbers, "The Little Dustman" and "Where the Bee Sucks."

Mr. Peter J. Heenan, delivered a very fine, inspiring, valedictory address.

School Medals were presented to Alice Cody and Oliver Smith. The Sir Isaac Pitman Award, shield and medal, were presented to Mae M. Ingram. Later, other Pitman medals and certificates were awarded.

Mrs. Young, better known to us all as Miss Ker, presented the girls' athletic awards. The girls' Field Day Champions were:

Senior Joyce Taylor
Intermediate Mildred Fisher

Junior

Eugene Lowe

The boys' gymnastic awards, cups and crests, were presented by Mr. Dodge. Our field day Champions among the boys were:

Senior

L. McIntyre

Intermediate

J. Steen

Junior

M. Anthony

At this time several students of our school favoured us with a Minuet which added greatly to our entertainment.

Teachers, friends and graduates then made their way to the North Gymnasium and spent a pleasant time dancing while refreshments were being served in the cafeteria.

At 11.45 the evening ended with the National Anthem and once again the graduates left behind them the school they had learned to know and respect, to fulfil its motto:

"ENTER TO LEARN — GO FORTH
TO SERVE".

Valedictory Address, 1936"

by PETER J. HEENAN



PETER J. HEENAN

To-night it is my privilege as valedictorian, on behalf of the graduating classes of 1936, to bid a formal farewell to the Eastern High School of Commerce. Mingled with pride and happiness, there comes a certain feeling of sadness in the realization that though it is a short time since we left and little water has flowed under the bridge, we have completed a period in our lives, which we can never forget. A certain feeling of loneliness also is introduced when we realize that we are no longer under the careful guid-

ance of Mr. Keast and the members of the Staff. Although we have been provided with the finest training possible, we are left to walk the longest and most hazardous road—that of experience—alone. Whether we shall attain success or not depends largely upon the work we did here.

Returning to the school this evening, we recalled dozens of events, which were the realities of yesterday, but which by to-morrow will be treasured as memories. We remember the rugby games, when we stood in the rain to cheer on the players clad in crimson, old gold and black. To lose, what did that matter so long as we kept on fighting until the final whistle? Or perhaps we recall the dances, where the amateurs rather welcomed a crowded floor, with only the spotlights to illuminate their bad footwork. Perhaps we smile to ourselves when we remember that unhappy occasion, when, after being asked if our homework was complete, we were told to put it on the black-board. Then our embarrassment made us realize our inability to get by without doing our work. When we entered this auditorium to-night, we were filled with the warmth and affection, that is so characteristic of homecoming. It seems but yesterday since we assembled for morning prayers. Then there were the periods when we would hold our public-speaking classes, or perhaps rehearse (with apologies to Mr. Shakespeare) Twelfth Night or The Merchant of Venice. These and many other events of our happy school-days will remain with us.

During our four years here our attitudes towards school have undergone many changes—perhaps the greatest towards our teachers. During the first two years we regarded them as god-like beings who moved upon a lofty plane to which we could never aspire. Then,

however, in the last two years at dances and through other extra-curricular activities, we came to know them as our friends. Perhaps this more than anything else gave us renewed energy in our work, for we realized that they had faith in us, and were at hand at all times, to help us with our problems. We learned to appreciate the kindly advice of the principal and staff, and saw that their criticism was for our own benefit.

Our education at Eastern has prepared us for hours of both business and leisure. Some subjects such as shorthand and bookkeeping are academic as well as practical, which fit us for the business office. Others enable us to appreciate the cultural side of life. Our training would have been incomplete without both.

At Commerce our games have developed a spirit of keen competition, team-play, and clean sportsmanship. Of course, this did not come without many hard-knocks, which we found after all were only characteristics of the World of Experience in miniature.

At the dances, concerts and other informal activities, we were given the opportunity to meet people, and to enjoy their company, which means so much to young people entering social life.

As senior students here, we were inclined to think that once out in the business world, we would easily gain success. No more homework, no more burning the midnight oil, cramming for exams! But now, what do we find? There is still work to do, and much to learn, for, if we are to succeed, we must seek all knowledge possible.

To Mr. Keast, Mr. Spence, to the Board of Education, who have so completely equipped this school of ours, we owe a debt that can never be repaid. In return, we can but strive to emulate the character and integrity of previous graduates, and to cherish warm memories of the Eastern High School of Commerce.

To the undergraduates, we have only this message to give: Learn to play the game, learn to play for side and not for self. Learn to obey, so that in due time you may command. Learn to practise self-control, and above all learn to "stick-it!"

*"For when the One Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost
But how you played the game".*

RUGBY DANCE

The annual Rugby Dance of the Eastern High School of Commerce was held on Friday, December 4, 1936. Couples, who had looked forward for many weeks in eager anticipation of this event, now danced in the gaily decorated gymnasium from which issued forth sounds of laughter and gaiety mingled with the soft strains of music from Bert Simmon's Orchestra. Entertainment was provided in the form of a floor show, which was appreciated and enjoyed by both teachers and students. A Russian Dance was presented by three girls of the school, several song numbers by Audrey Evans, and impersonations by Joe Murphy. At midnight the orchestra struck up the National Anthem and once again Eastern Commerce settled down to its old routine.

TEA DANCE

The students of the Eastern High School of Commerce closed the school year of 1936 with a Tea Dance in the north gymnasium. Students and teachers danced to the music of a four-piece orchestra and between dances punch was served to the thirsty merry-makers.

A similar Tea Dance was held at the end of the week of the Mid-Year Examinations. A sign in the hall read, "Come and enjoy yourself for once this week."

HELEN ADAMS, 4S2



THE GIRLS' CLUB

by EDNA MUIR, 4S1

This year the Girls' Club is "bigger and better" than ever. It has succeeded in bringing together the girls of the whole school at various parties and functions. As you know, our motto is "Good times as well as good education". Under the very capable direction of Miss Barrans, we have been able to follow this. We want all the girls to know one another, and to create a friendly spirit throughout the school.

The Club to date has had three very capable presidents, Ethel Keck and Frances Bishop of 4S1, and Jean Carmichael of 3S2,

but alas! they, along with Audrey Kerr, our treasurer, have been snatched from us by the business world. However, despite this loss, we still progress.

Our activities have been many and varied and the source of much enjoyment to the girls. The Hallowe'en Party of October was held for the First Form girls and to this came 200 witches, fairies, and old-fashioned girls, all dressed for their parts. The costumes were applauded very much by the audience. Fourteen forms were judged separately and the fourteen winners judged



GIRLS' CLUB EXECUTIVE

Back Row, Left to Right: Betty Wilson, 2nd Form Rep.; Marian Booth, 1st Form Rep.; Margaret Allen, 1st Form Rep.

Seated: Miss Barrans, Staff Adviser; Nellie Regler, 4th Form Rep.; Edna Muir, Secretary; Merle Williams, 2nd Form Rep.

Absent: Margaret Jeffreys, Emily Gough, 3rd Form Reps.



HALLOWE'EN COSTUME WINNERS

Back Row: Edith Smith, Margaret Patterson, Eleanor Edwards, Marie Karavos, Helen McUllah (Miss Hallowe'en), Sylvia Bishop, Joyce Banks.
Front Row: Betty Carlton, Eunice Fogg, Velma Baltherwick, Kathleen Smith, Merle Covert, Alice Cox.
Absent: Muriel Manning.

again. Miss Helen McUllah of 1M, as their final winner, was awarded the title, "Miss Hallowe'en". Miss Winnifred Kay of 4S1, acted as "Miss Terious" and the first girl to shake hands with her received a timely prize. Each girl present from the Special Classes was given a hat to trim, and the results of this were hilarious after the Merchandizing girls had judged them. After eating our fill of apples and molasses kisses, we adjourned to the basement where we held a short dance and went home "tired but happy".

If the Hallowe'en Party proved a success, our "Typewriting Olympic Varieties" held for the Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Forms was even better, and the boys who attended the performance enjoyed it as much as the girls. The "Varieties" consisted of a number of races done on the typewriter. As these events were mostly humorous, laughter prevailed throughout the auditorium.

The Senior cup winner was 4S1, with 11 points.

The Third Form winner was 3-CM, with 8 points.

The Second Form winner was 2-CM, with 7 points. At the end of the term, the girl receiving the highest mark in typewriting will be awarded the cup in each of the respective groups. Good luck, girls! The cups are well worth winning.

Miss Helen Allman and Miss Sybil Gourlie of 4S1, gave us a delightful "swing time" dance in time to the girls' typing. An unexpected pleasure of the afternoon was a demonstration of typing by Miss Irma Wright and Mr. Fred Jarrett, both world champion typists, who amazed us with their speed at the keyboard.

We all enjoy giving at Christmas time, and never so much as when we know we are aiding some needy people. At our Christmas party, the girls' display of dolls, food, and tinned goods in the auditorium showed that they had enjoyed getting these ready for some unfortunates, who otherwise might not have had a Christmas dinner. The boys also contributed quite handsomely with tinned goods as their "ticket of admission" to the party. The Literary and Dramatic Society, under the direction of Mr. Woods,

(Continued on page 84.)

The Literary and Dramatic Society

by A. G. SMITH AND ALEC ANGIER

During the fall term, considerable time was required by the stage crew to readjust the lighting equipment of the stage. Next year an earlier start is anticipated for the Dramatic Society's programmes.

The Christmas Play was our contribution to the annual programme of the Girls' Club. It was entitled "The Child in Flanders", by Cicely Hamilton. The Prologue opens with Privates Whittaker, Murdock, and Daoud Khan boisterously entering a French peasant's cottage to seek shelter for the night. With considerable difficulty they conveyed to the Frenchman their need of food and shelter. After they had discovered that the peasant's wife had just borne a son, they settled down

quietly. Their dreams were then the coming of Christ — the events of Bethlehem. The Girls' Chorus, under the direction of Miss Howard, and the stage lighting provided appropriate setting for this scene. As the music dies away, the peasant re-enters and wakes the sleeping men. While the peasant is getting his lantern to show them the road, the three soldiers discuss their dreams. As they pass under the crucifix over the door that leads to the Arras road and "No Man's Land", each one turns to salute the child reverently.

The mid-year examination period having come to an end, programmes for the spring term are under consideration.



LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Centre Front—R. Kelly. (Christmas Play).

— EXECUTIVE —

Seated (Left to Right)—Miss Pinchin, (Staff Adviser); A. Angier (Electrician); A. G. Smith, (Stage Manager); J. Morrison, (Secretary); W. Flynn, (President); M. McAllister, (Treasurer); M. Sullivan, (Ass't-Electrician); N. Smith, (Ass't-Electrician); Mr. G. B. Woods, (Staff Adviser).

— CHRISTMAS PLAY —

Standing (Left to Right)—R. La Raia; R. Costello; B. Daniels; W. Gardner; M. Morais; M. Watson; W. McNeely; A. Strathdee; C. Hackney; M. Herriott.

Absent—Gordon Beedham; Edward Nokes.



SEASON 1936-37

FLORA HILL

This year the Alumni page will be more of a resumé and critique rather than a page of current topics.

Eight and one-half years ago, through the instigation of SIX teachers and TWO graduates, a constitution was drawn up and the nucleus of our present organization was formed. Up until three to four years ago we flourished and built up the finest association of its kind in the city. We had a large working capital and had established a reserve fund. We enjoyed monthly meetings of both educational and entertaining variety, a magnificent annual dance, moonlight sails across the lake and two excellent plays. All this was accomplished during the worst period of the "World Slump".

Then things started to slide. We promoted the same high standard of meetings, but our attendance dropped. Fortunately, we were able to retain the faithful fifty originals who came out rain or shine, snow or sleet. They enjoyed a good time and were glad to be still associated with the school.

Now—why is it the Alumni is not able to attract the more recent graduates to our meetings? Last fall at our annual meeting there were eighteen present and only one of these was a recent "grad", the others graduated six to eight years ago. This was not very encouraging to the incoming executive. Do you know about the graduates' association; are you so busy after graduating that you are not able to attend one meeting a month; or is it that school has become so distasteful that you do not want to be

associated with it after you have completed your term?

Next fall, when we have our annual meeting in October, let the Alumni see a hundred per cent. attendance of the latest graduates. Let us start the '37 and '38 season off with a bang and re-establish the association on a more solid footing, so that we may have a closer contact with the present students and create an interest which is now sadly lacking. All this can, and will be done if the present graduating class co-operate with the old-timers and turn out regularly to all our meetings.

Particularly we commend to you, our Badminton Club, which meets every Friday night in the boys' gymnasium, our Dance and our Dramatic Group.

This year it was our pleasure to have the President of the Students' Council and the President of the Girls' Athletics at two of our executive meetings. We sincerely hope the association thus established will be mutually advantageous.

May we see YOU next Fall.

LAST YEAR'S GRADUATES

Peter Heenan—4G, President of the Students' Council for 1935-36, is doing bookkeeping for J. R. Langstaff, Ltd.
Phyllis Morritt—5G, Working at Wearevers.
Jack Walmsley—5G, is now employed by Logan Motor Service.

Doris Waters—5G, at the Kennel Club.
Marjorie Clark—5S, is doing office work for White & Co.

Norma Coates—5S, employed by Stewart Warner Radio Sales.

Hazel Currie—5S. Hazel is on the Switchboard at the Western Hospital.



ALUMNI

Seated: Helen Fullerton, Garvin Marsales, President; June Avery.

Standing: Flora Hill, Herbert Fairhead, Eileen Radford.

Absent: Audrey Fuller, Ruth Sanderson, Earle Matthews, Leonard Smith, Belmont Tames, Jack Mellway.

Rheta Hewitt—5S, is working at the Bank of Montreal.

Mildred Stacey—5S, Laura Secord Candy.

Alice Cody—4G, winner of the Fourth Year General Business silver medal is employed by Canada Metals.

Frank Matthews—4G. Frank is going to be a Chartered Accountant. He is employed by the same firm as his brother Bruce, Touche & Co.

Harry Long—Winner of the Silver medal, Boys' Swimming, is at the Police Administration Building, College Street.

John Steen—4G, Intermediate Field Day Champion, is working in a broker's office, H. Bain & Co.

Kay Miller—Kay is now with the National Trust.

Mae Ingram—Pitman Shield & Medal, office work at Eaton's.

Frances Bishop—4S1, working in a broker's office, O'Hearn & Co.

Ethel Keck—4S1, Simpson's.

Joan Macdonald—4S1, at the Sun Life Assurance Co.

Hazel Hulse—4S1, employed by Northern Electric along with . . .

Betty Price, last year's *Echo* editor.

Mae Wilson—With Dalton Bros., Front St.

Results of the Alumni Poster Contest for the Annual Dance:

Winner: \$2.00 — Florence Nightingale, 2F.

Second: \$1.00 — Gladys Tripp, 2H.

Exchange

OCTOBER.

The exchange magazines received were read with enjoyment and interest. Their quality is excellent, and great ability on the part of students of the various secondary schools is shown in them.

The Tech. Flash—Halifax, N. S.

The cover of your magazine is cleverly designed and is appropriate to your type of school.

Loyola College Review—Montreal.

Your editorial staff is to be complimented on the splendid magazine it turned out. The large number of students' pictures add to it very much.

Review—London Central C. I.

The name of your magazine in each corner of the page is a rather attractive idea, I think. Original, too. Glad to see that you have such a large and active orchestra. The poem "Eternal Beauty" and the illustration with it are certainly prize selections.

The Argosy—Central High School of Commerce (Hamilton).

You have a very fine collection of essays. I think your foreign correspondence was quite an attraction. Glad to see you have such a fine Book Review. It is something every magazine should have.

The Oracle—Oakwood Collegiate Institute.

Your magazine is excellently arranged. The Borrowed Goods section is certainly interesting. It seems to unite all students.

The New Era—Brandon Collegiate Institute.

The page of personal opinions is a great idea. We all like to give vent to our feelings sometime. The Principal's greeting is generally placed at the beginning of the magazine, and effectively too, I think. A few short stories would perhaps add to your book another year.

The Oracle—London South C. I.

You have a very fine magazine in every respect. Your illustrations are good and add to the poetry considerably.

Vox Lycei—Lisgar C. I., Ottawa.

You have a good magazine, one that not only contains humour but also gives the students helpful advice. Your cover is distinctive and is worthy of the rest of the magazine. *The Twig—University of Toronto Schools.*

Your illustrations are super. Your coloured pictures add a great deal to your magazine; also the humorous sketches. The entire book merits hearty congratulations.

The Peptimist—Mimico High School.

Glad to see you had a rugby personnel. I think perhaps a school magazine can dispense with Style Hints. Your cover was certainly very interesting and original.

The Echoes—Peterborough Collegiate Institute & Vocational School.

Congratulations on your section called "Purple Patches". The great variety of material in it certainly adds a great deal to your magazine. The essay "Life in a Herony" is of particular interest. I think, however, that sketches usually give the magazine a better appearance than the blocks.

(Continued on page 84.)





FRANÇAIS



Comment le petit écureuil a les raies noires

Une fois, il y a longtemps, les animaux avaient des tribus et des chefs comme les Indiens. Le porc-épic était le chef le plus important, car rien ne pouvait jamais lui faire mal. Une nuit, le porc-épic, ayant des affaires très graves à discuter, appela tous les animaux à un grand conseil des tribus. Ils vinrent du nord, du sud, de l'est et de l'ouest pour l'entendre parler. Ils allumèrent un grand feu dans la forêt et s'assirent autour de lui. Puis le porc-épic se leva et commença à leur parler. Ses piquants frémissaient et reluisaient dans la lueur du feu. Il était très inquiet.

"Je ne peux pas décider, dit-il, si nous devrons avoir toujours la nuit ou le jour."

Tout de suite ils se mirent à se quereller. Quelques-uns désiraient la lumière et d'autres voulaient l'obscurité. Ils criaient tous ensemble, très haut, et on ne pouvait entendre parler personne excepté l'ours, qui grondait "Toujours la nuit, toujours la nuit!"

Bientôt un petit écureuil, qui avait été à la lisière du groupe s'impatienta. Les petits écureuils ne veulent pas rester tranquilles.

"Vous avez beau dire, cria-t-il de sa petite voix, le jour viendra tout de même. Le jour viendra."

Les autres animaux ne lui firent aucune attention, mais continuèrent à faire un grand bruit, pendant que le petit écureuil sautait au bord de la foule, jetant des cris "La lumière viendra!"

Et voyez! avant qu'ils ne le sussent, le soleil seleva. Les rayons de lumière touchèrent le haut des arbres et tombèrent à travers l'éclaircie où se trouvaient les animaux. Il

faisait jour. Le feu pâlit. Le silence tomba sur les animaux. Il faisait jour sans leur volonté! Une voix perçante cria:

"Qu'est-ce que je vous ai dit?"

"Gr—rr—"

Le petit écureuil disparut comme l'éclair dans les arbres. L'ours le suivit, mais il était lourd et le petit écureuil courait vite. Celui-ci glissa dans un trou avant que l'ours pût l'attraper. Comme il disparut l'ours le griffa de sa patte. Les raies noires qui marquent le petit écureuil aujourd'hui montrent où les pattes de l'ours lui donnèrent des coups de griffe il y a longtemps, quand les animaux tâchaient de décider s'ils auraient toujours la nuit ou le jour.

DE PETITS PROBLEMES POUR LES INTELLIGENTS

1. M. Dupont entra dans une auberge pour arranger un dîner. "Combien d'invités y aura-t-il?" demanda l'aubergiste.—"Il y aura père, mère, tante, oncle, soeur, frère, neveu, nièce, et deux cousins".

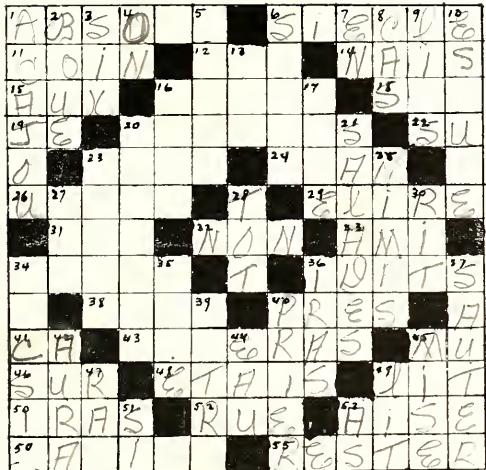
Combien de personnes y aura-t-il?

2. Deux moutons se trouvent dans un pré. L'un regarde le nord, l'autre, le sud. Comment est-ce que chacun pourrait voir l'autre sans tourner?

3. Un homme devant un portrait dit, "Je n'ai ni frère, ni soeur, mais le père de cet homme est le fils de mon père". Quel est l'homme dans le portrait?
(Voir page 92.)

COMMENT VA VOTRE FRANÇAIS?

*Quand un cordier, cordant veut corder une corde
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il encorde
Mais, si un des cordons de la corde décordan,
Le cordon décordan fait décorder la corde.*



C. JONES

OTHER DAYS

The following actual advertisements from the "Quebec Gazette" were handed to the *Echo* by Mr. Keast. Their contents reveal that conditions have indeed changed.

WANTED

July 5, 1764.

As an Apprentice in the Printing Business, an ingenious Boy about 14 years old, who can be well recommended; if he can read, write, and should be able to make himself understood in both French and English, he will be the more acceptable. Application to be made to Brown & Gilmore at their Printing Office, in St. Lewis's Street.

October 21, 1779.

Wanted, an apprentice for seven years, a youth of 13 or 14 years of age, born of honest Parents, able to read and write; tractable and good tempered (not sulky) of honest inclinations and an active spirit; such a one, by his Parents' consent, applying to Peter Mills will be furnished Bed, Board, Clothing, Washing and Lodging befitting an apprentice and be instructed in the Duties and Business of a Wholesale and Retail Store.

To Be Sold

February 18, 1767.

A Healthy Negro Boy, about 15 years of Age, well qualified to wait on a Gentleman as a Body Servant.

November 17, 1786.

To be Sold, a very healthy Negro Girl, about eleven years of Age, speaks both French and English.

Use Your Camera More

by CARL YELLAND, Special I

This article is not going to try to put on any photographic "dog". Your Photography Editor isn't even going to call himself "we", or pretend that he expects you to know a Scheiner Degree from a Focal-Plane Shutter or a K-1 Filter. In other words, relax—and let's see if there isn't something we can do about those pictures that don't come out as you want them, or that you didn't even take because you thought you couldn't.

About half of the readers of this article will have box cameras of one kind or another. A third will have cameras of the folding type, a little more elaborate, with various regulating gadgets. The remainder of my readers, an affluent sixth, will use cameras with "faster" lenses and shutters. Unless these are prepared for something quite unassuming and informal, they should turn at once to the Humour Section, where they may laugh legitimately.

No matter what kind of camera you have, you will fall into one of these three general classes: those who take informal snapshots, groups, etc., and the occasional sunset; those who, with a minimum of equipment and preparation, seek a little effect in their pictures and do a little experimenting along various lines; or, less probably, you are the cunning scientific kind that delight in striking effect, or some special line of photography. If you are to get good results, there is one thing you must do, whatever the class to which you belong. You must get acquainted with what your camera will do, what all the little scales and levers on it mean, and can accomplish for you. Don't wait until the necessity for using them comes up, find out in advance! And whatever the photographic device you are using, camera, film, or filter, READ THE RULES! AND FOLLOW THEM! After a time, by experiment and accident, you will gain judgment and get the knack of taking pictures without reference to tables of exposures, but, if you really want to be certain of getting a certain picture, you can't do better than to follow an exposure table and any other rules which have to do with the picture you are taking.

But where can you obtain information

that is understandable—information given to inform, not to impress? Well, best of all, from camera enthusiasts, I have yet to meet a "Photography Fiend" who doesn't brighten visibly at a simple request for aid. Also you can obtain pamphlets free of charge by writing to the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y., or by dropping into the Kodak Store at 114 Yonge Street, here in Toronto. These leaflets deal quite completely each with its particular branch of information, and are very easy to follow. If you like to dig deeper, and really study the principles involved, but without going beyond your depth, you will find it well worth your while to buy and read the annually-revised book, published by Eastman's, "How to Make Good Pictures".

Now let's consider what pictures we can take with our camera besides the ordinary "run-of-the-mill" we may have been content with in the past. Outdoors, besides pictures of people, you will notice if you observe closely, camera at hand, that there are a multitude of subjects for you to draw upon waiting only for your imagination to make use of them. Flowers, parks, the wealth of architecture for which Toronto is noted, the lakefront, the airport—these are to be "had for the taking", by any of you who own or use a camera. If your camera is rapid, having a lens of f. 8 rating or more, you have the added opportunity of going in for action or semi-action material, street snapshots, and so on, known among the experts as "Candid Camera" work.

Possibly you will have found some suggestion which is of interest in the above. But, if you have not yet tried indoor photography, and that quite lately, your biggest surprise will follow. Superpanchromatic film, used indoors along with a Photoflash Lamp, a pair of Photoflood Lamps, or one or more "No. 2" Photoflood Lamps, will enable you, with the cheapest box camera, to take indoor photos at any time of the day or night. The day is gone when your subject sat so very still, and so very close to the window (to get all the light possible) for the age-long exposure of 60 or 80 seconds. Similarly, the

(Continued on page 92.)

WITH LENS AND SHUTTER



'MORNING RIDE'



'ROCKY MOUNTAIN MULE TRAIN'



'HAULING LOAM'



'DINGHY'



GRACE REFLECTED.....



'NORTH OF BLOOR'



'STUDY PERIOD'



'FOUR BALLS OF WOOL'



'THE MASTERPIECE'



EMPLOYMENT CONFERENCE



'CORRIDOR'



'SATURDAY BATH'



GOING DOWNSTAIRS?

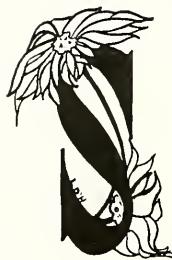
JUNIOR SCHOOL



LITERARY

FLOWERS - -

by DONNA KILPATRICK, 2C



(*Junior Essay, First Award*)

PRING is not far away, and tiny green sprouts will soon be making their appearance above the earth. Before most of these flowers unfold their buds, however, the tiny snowdrop has bloomed and dropped its petals. The yellow crocuses flower about the same time and seem to whisper to the world a cheery greeting as the cold winds blow, and the sky remains dull and dreary. These tiny flowers are, however, the heralds of spring, and with spring comes life and hope; life to the trees, life to the songs of the birds, life to the flowers and hope to man.

After these flowers come all those that make spring and summer, to me at least, the most beautiful seasons of the year. Golden yellow daffodils reflecting the sun in their dainty petals, tall stately tulips of glowing

crimson or blush pink, narcissus with fragile white petals and hyacinths, perfect pyramids of bloom, come next in the parade of the flowers. And, what flower fills the fragrant June air with a sweeter perfume than that of the lavender lilac of May and early June?

With June come some of Nature's most beautiful blooms, including the peony, whose satiny petals vary in colour from a delicate pink to a lovely rose, and from an ivory white to a deep crimson. June is also the month when the rose is at its best. It would be useless for me to try to find words that would really describe the wonderful shadings of this flower. It is enough to say that from the smallest climber to the most perfect hot-house bloom, the rose truly lives up to its title of "Queen of the Flowers".

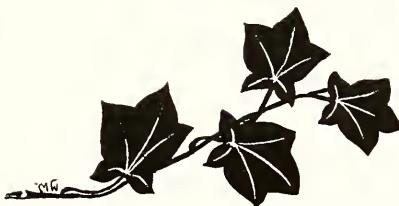
July and August, however, bring the real summer flowers that flourish beneath the warmth of the sun. Graceful vines of sweet peas, tall spikes of gladioli, cornflowers and delphiniums of vivid blue, cheerily tinted nasturtiums, daisies, phlox, poppies and pansies are only a few of the dainty garden

flowers, while the lily adds the touch of quiet dignity.

As summer mellows into fall, some of the flowers begin their long sleep, while in their place reign some of the harder autumn blooms. Nowhere in the colour scheme of nature is there a flower or bush which does not harmonize perfectly with the season in which it blooms. Thus, in autumn when the leaves turn golden yellows, flaming reds and warm browns, most of the flowers found

blooming in the months of September and October are of vivid shades also. Marigolds, zinnias, dahlias and chrysanthemums are perfect examples of these gaily coloured flowers.

Now, as we are drawing near the season when the last snows of winter melt away, and the first robin chirps his cheery message in some budding tree, we once again look forward to the colourful carnival of nature.



Concerning Youth --

by DICK RITCHIE, 2C

(*Junior Essay, Second Award*)

Are we going to fight harder for peace, or are we going to let things go on as they are until there is a war?

If there is a war, will we, the youth of Canada, fight, as did our fathers? These are two questions vital to the youth of to-day.

We are always having the horrors of the last war, in which our fathers and mothers lost many dear friends and relations, in which many young people lost their fathers, brought to our attention. Yet, while this is being done, preparation is going on for a greater and more horrible massacre than that of 1914-18.

Why should we, the young people of to-day, be made to throw away the hope, love and happiness that lies ahead, just because certain nations are acting like selfish people? Yet this is the most likely cause of the next war.

Here is what I mean by nations acting like selfish people. One nation obtains a submarine, and some airplanes; the nation next door, hearing of this, immediately procure two submarines, and more airplanes than his neighbour. This goes on and on; hostilities becoming more and more apparent, until, finally, one nation, feeling itself superior, declares war. Other nations are immediately

dragged into the fray because of treaties and promises to be an ally to one of the warring nations; thus the world becomes embroiled in an indescribable orgy of warfare.

The reason to-day for the lack of expansion in Canada is a want of a larger population. If this is the case to-day, what would happen to this country if all of her young people were sent forth to die on the battlefield? This reason alone should be enough to make any Canadian, man or woman, old or young, fight with all he or she possesses for "World Peace".

The other important question is: will we fight if there is a war? If Britain is involved the answer is, "Yes", with a capital "Y". Any loyal British subject will naturally want to fight for the freedom of the Empire. Loyalty, however, is not the only reason we should fight, side by side with England.

If England were defeated, what would be the next move of the foreign victor? The answer is obvious. The victor's next move would be the conquest of Canada. Why? Because of its vast quantities of undeveloped natural resources, and, above all, its great possibilities for population.

Our motto should be, "Fight primarily for peace," and "Fight for the freedom of the Empire in any consequence."

If We Could Choose Our Prison

by VERA SMITH, 2F

I wonder how many of us long to throw up this hemdrum city life and do what we really want to do?

Don't you sometimes feel as though city life were slowly strangling you? Have you ever experienced that restless feeling inside your breast, a helpless desire crying and struggling to free itself and become a reality? If you have, you know what I mean when I speak of the city as a prison.

Perhaps you have also thought of a prison you'd enjoy. Will you bear with me, while I describe mine?

A rugged mountain range majestically stands guard over one end of the valley, and then like a giant staircase it drops down on either side. On the other end a dense forest rises against a deep blue, cloudless sky.

In the foreground stands a large log cabin. Chairs, couches, and tables are manufactured from wood brought from the forest. Soft leather cushions make chairs and couches the acme of comfort. A bear rug in front of an open fireplace makes cold wintery nights a cozy delight.

A short distance from the cabin there is a rather small, but deep creek. This basin was worn out of the rock, years ago, by an underground river and is now an excellent swimming hole. However, we must stay quite near the surface, for the water is rather cold at the bottom. For drinking water and to catch fish, we must climb a short distance up the mountain slope. An icy little river trickles over the worn stones, gathering force and volume, and tumbles down a five foot drop, creating a miniature Niagara Falls. It rushes on and then after a short distance it slows down as if influenced by the peaceful scene around it. It ambles lazily along until it finally disappears into a crevasse.

We find indescribable beauty as, at dusk, the glorious sun sinks slowly down behind the mountains. Its dying embers, like a great fire, tint the snow-capped mountain peaks a blood red. At last its splendor fades and darkness closes down.

When we return to this spot a short time later, we are equally speechless as her misty sister climbs steadily up into the vast dark

sky. Again the mountain snow is tinted, but oh, how differently! The colours are soft and ingenious, as if a master painter had lightly passed his brush over the scene. Soft orange, splashes of silver, royal deep purple, and a delicate yellow form the colour scheme of our mountain guardians. The forest shines with a ghostly light and a soft breeze carries to us the heavenly odour of the pines.

The little river rushes past like a flood of disturbed quick-silver and dashes over the precipice, throwing up a misty veil that seems to have all the colours of the rainbow and more besides. The splashing water sparkles like a thousand jewels and bubbles with joy as if it realized its own beauty.

The lights of the cabin cast a reddish glare on the still creek, while the moon builds a silver roadway down the centre. But unlike the babbling, conceited little river, the creek bears her beauty modestly, and remains silent.

Peace, contentment, beauty of Nature, we find all here. We find something to really thank God for.

Now, I thank you for your kind attention. I hope perhaps you'll say, as my brother did:

"Say, you're stealing my stuff. That's what I always wanted."



OUR HOMEWORK

*What keeps us in the whole night through?
Makes us sad and makes us blue?
Makes us mad and sulky too?*

Our Homework!

*What causes us to grunt and groan?
To sigh so deeply and to moan?
To mutter in a moody tone?*

Our Homework!

*What makes us stamp and tear our hair?
Gives to our eyes that vacant stare?
And causes us a frown to wear?*

Our Homework!

MARIAN WANGLAND, 4S1

Poor Wee Mousie //

by MARYBELLE MULLAN, 2H

Our house at Royal Oak was the kind one reads about in books described as "a rambling old place covered with ivy". On each side was a wide field of tall grass wherein dwelt many tiny field mice.

The little creatures were very friendly and often slipped in our side door for a little visit, regardless of the danger lurking there in the shape of two large cats, and hidden traps with tempting morsels of delicious cheese destined to ruin many a mouse.

One night when I lay in bed thinking about what had happened that day, which had been Easter, I heard a peculiar scratching coming from the corner near the foot of my bed. Quietly I turned on the bed light and fixed my eyes on my gaily painted waste-paper basket in fascination. Running around the top as if being chased by a cat, was a tiny baby field mouse. It looked harmless enough, but I must confess that a mouse of any shape or size makes me shiver.

No, I did not scream. Curiosity got the better of me and silently I watched the strange antics of that small rodent. When it

stopped, its small body quivered and jerked continually to balance itself on the narrow ledge of the basket. Piercing dark eyes darted alertly about the room. I held my breath when the eager eyes scanned me, but they didn't seem to realize I was not just another piece of furniture. Then it peered down into the darkness below, from whence came tempting smells at which a tiny nose wiggled with delightful anticipation.

At last I understood what this venturesome small creature wanted in the privacy of my bedroom. In the basket were some half-demolished jelly beans and several egg shells, and that poor wee mouse was so hungry he disobeyed his stern mother's warnings and let his stomach lead him into danger.

He kept up his little game of running, stopping for breath and running again until I was in a bad state of dizziness, even if the mouse was not. Suddenly I gave the bed a shake. The mouse looked startled and fled.

The next morning a baby mouse was caught in the trap outside my door.

Stock Figures in Fiction //

by ELSIE HILL, 2H

To read, is to observe, and one cannot read an average of one book a week without observing that "stock figures in fiction" are not scarce. There are several of these popular (?) heroes or heroines, who have no doubt existed so long for no other reason than that they fit well into the story, and, with different name tagged on, present a very interesting subject for a few hours' reading, to make the book a little longer.

Some person once observed that "The Bible or Shakespeare was the beginning of fiction". Whichever it was, we can blame our choice for giving us such characters as are common to-day. The first "stock figure"

—and the most common—in my opinion would be the typical hero or heroine. This particular main character will continue to labour under great odds, with everyone turned against him as a result of being accused of murdering the wealthy matron's tom-cat, or of not removing his hat in the elevator, until he reaches the final climax by rescuing the mayor's daughter—or the president's, which is even better—and being restored to his original position as chief buttonhole maker. By then the author mercifully decides to withdraw, and leaves the hero to his ultimate happiness. Sometimes the story is varied, and the hero is a thoroughly insignificant, ragged, unaspiring urchin, until one day, by

accident, he is found to have tattooed on the nail of his big toe an emblem which entitles him to become heir of an earldom, and a large estate, which is invariably in England. Owing to his nurse dropping him down a hatchway in London, he was given up for good, and sailed away to America, where he became king of his special alley. A sub-division of this is the bad hero, who does everything imaginable to get in the juvenile court. Finally someone appeals to his manhood, and he grows up to be bank president, marries the girl whose hair he used to pull in school, and lives to reflect on his past life in amazement.

The second figure is the young, energetic, know-all detective. Quietly he makes his rounds, despite all the snubs of the commanding officer—nearly always a sergeant—until, in the last chapter, bleeding in ten places, he relates the amazing tale of how he escaped from the burning building, cut himself loose with a piece of tin, and captured the band of twenty single-handed with a revolver made of tar soap.

Third comes the rich old uncle, who will do nothing to help the destitute grandson or nephew. Forcefully he tells him to depart from the house, and never cast his shadow across the door-step again. When the young relative saves the family fortunes by selling out stock, or by frustrating an attempt to rob the old gentlemen of his corn plasters, he is taken into the now warm bosom of the family.

Next, and fourth, is the Public Enemy No. 1, the landlord or the holder of the mortgage. In vain does the erstwhile proud family plead for more time. Never! The villain is firm. The money he must have or the house. At the very moment the tearful family are vacating, up pops the hero, who had gone out into the world to make his fortune, and tells the villain where to get off at. "Ha! Foiled again," says he, and vows revenge. Luckily he is killed in time, and so does no more damage.

To omit the "Gentleman Jack" of fiction would make this list incomplete. Broad-hearted, kindly, loving men who steal for the mere joy of giving it away, abound in story books, but I doubt, in life. "Gentleman Jack," "Raffles?", or whatever his name might be, makes his scoops with monstrous daring. He must be a ventriloquist, a boxer, an expert at the art of ju-jutsu, a good rider,

a wonderful conversationalist, and must possess a quick finger on the trigger. The day after a typical "haul" he makes the rounds of the slums, dressed in immaculate evening clothes, and showers his gifts on the poor. He continues this life until he falls in love, when the girl undertakes to "reform" him. She succeeds, and the poor proceed to starve because of the discontinued gifts.

My comment on staple figures in fiction seems to lean to satire, and one would think fiction was my greatest bugbear. That is not so, for I enjoy fiction. These are just my opinions on characters who abound in the average book.

SPRING

*Soft whisperings of waking life,
A murmur tells of brook's won strife
Against the grip of Winter's chain,
For Spring has come to town again.*

*There is some subtle, vital thing,
About the quiet approach of Spring.
It comes upon us unaware
And fragrance fills the moist, warm air.*

*Where once did lie a patch of snow,
We see the dainty crocus grow,
All pink and gold or rose and white,
Was there ever such a splendid sight?*

*I hear the whistling meadow-lark
And listening, just before 'tis dark,
I hear the robin say, "Good night!
I'm weary after my long flight."*

*I wake with the glad burst of dawn
And hear the bluebird on the lawn,
"Wake up! wake up!" he seems to sing
"Wake up! be glad! for it is Spring."*

KATHLEEN WILSON, 2G.

THE SUN GOD'S LAST GESTURE

ROBERT STREET, 1F

On the edge of the great sea stand a score of Eskimos, gazing intently at the sun. The great God is about to make his departure. His rays will not light the Arctic for seven long months.

(Continued on page 91.)

EASTERN ECHO

Short Stories



Adventure With a Wail

by MARGUERITE EIDE, 2H

(*Junior Story, First Award*)

I suppose all of us have had at one time or another the pleasure (?) of minding a baby. But I think I can say without contradiction that the baby I looked after on this particular afternoon was the worst little bundle of humanity that ever anyone had anything to do with.

Baby Elsie was the possession of a lady, who, up until this time, was a great friend of mine, and for this reason she had entrusted her "precious lamb" to my care while she went shopping.

I will admit that I was a decided amateur at this task and optimistically looked forward to spending a pleasant afternoon with a sweetly dispositioned baby who would do nothing but sleep, leaving me to read in peace. Alas! for my unfulfilled hopes.

When the baby arrived I sat her on a cushion placed on the floor with some of my younger sister's toys to amuse her. She was older than I expected and could walk quite well. Seeing that she looked fairly contented, and after watching her amusing antics for a while, I returned to my book and was soon lost in the pages of an exciting novel.

The baby meantime was amusing herself in her own delightful little way.

Mother had bought a small pail of lard the day before, and, having used a small portion of it, the lid had been placed on very insecurely. When I missed the baby some fifteen minutes later and went to find her, there she sat on the kitchen linoleum, plastering her hair, clothing, the furniture and floor with

the contents of the pail, all the while emitting delightful little chuckles of joy. You can imagine with some accuracy my unuttered thoughts.

Well, I gave the baby a bath, washed her hair and put on her some clean clothes—relics of my younger days. Then I cleaned up the mess she had made in the kitchen. I then went down cellar and unearthed my old high-chair, dusted it off and sat her severely in it with some of the toys to keep her amused. She cried. Howl after howl rent the air, until I thought my ear drums would surely split. She threw all the toys at me, and I must say that her aim was fairly good. I was forced at last in self defence to put her in her old position on the floor, where, under my watchful eye, she played quietly for a time.

My watchfulness relaxed after a while and I returned to my book. Elsie then returned to her occupations.

Upstairs she went, crawling on her hands and knees and obtaining some help from the friendly bannisters. Into my bedroom she found her way. She pulled wider the already half-opened drawers (I had been in a hurry that morning) and began flinging my clothes about the bedroom. Then she obtained my powder box from the top of the dressing table. Opening it, she spread the contents liberally over my scattered raiment, especially my black serge skirt. How the powder was removed from *that*, only the cleaner knows. Opening my lipstick she made "pitty marks", as she called them, all over the silk bedspread. Oh what a mess she made! Then having learned the use of the bathtub, she put in

the plug, turned the water on gently and continued on her disastrous way. I was returned to consciousness, as it were, by the sound of a terrific crash as she pulled the lace dresser scarf off my mother's bureau. Everything was broken. Brushes, combs, perfume bottles, creams and lotions lay in a pool of water from the broken flower vase. Even the mirror was broken, which according to superstition means seven years' bad luck, and I certainly hope she got them with interest!

Upstairs I flew, accompanied by the wails of the baby who had been startled by the loud crash. In the excitement of cleaning up, I failed to hear the trickling water, until, sitting down to rest after my strenuous labours of cleaning up, I heard the drip, drip of the water descending the stairs. Words failed me! The resourcefulness of some peoples' children in amusing themselves is simply marvellous!

After order was restored, I returned the baby to the high-chair, stuffed my ears with cotton batting and wrathfully awaited the arrival of Elsie's mother. Mrs. Dentley came

in all smiles and good-nature, "Has 'oo' two been havin' a 'goody-goody' time?" she crooned. "I beg your pardon, what did you say?"

"I may have groaned," said I with a choke.

People may wonder why I dislike children. Let them! And when, referring to the particular baby whose adventures I have related above, they say, "Isn't she just too cute?", they can't imagine why I decline to agree.

"Can you?"



A Surprise Occurrence

by DOUGLAS BOASE, 2C

(*Junior Story, Second Award*)

As he strode along a now deserted street in the portion of the metropolis devoted to warehouses, Samuel Orville Scrand attempted in vain to recall what it was his landlady had been telling him at supper. Samuel, better known to his friends and colleagues on the Cameron City Police Force as S. O. S. Sammy, finally decided that perhaps the information could wait until breakfast, when he went off duty.

A distant clock had just tolled eight o'clock, when a grunt and a soft thud announced to anyone interested that Sammy, instead of continuing in what he considered to be a very official walk, was now sprawled in a most undignified position on the cement. Springing quickly to his feet, Sammy inspected the strand of wire, stretched at knee height across the alley, that had brought about his downfall.

Now, despite the exalted office in civic affairs that Sammy considered he held, he was absolutely, and quite definitely, not above in-

dulging in a dime thriller. According to the logic instilled by one of these classics of literature, this wire was for the purpose of tripping the watchman of a warehouse when he investigated some trivial sound. Although this kaleidoscope of thought may take time to write, it took Sammy but a fraction of a second to arrange these remarkable deductions in his mind.

As this line of thought flashed upon him, Sammy heard a light shuffling in the warehouse next to which he was standing. Sight-ing a door farther down the alley, he decided to try to enter the building. Reaching the door he put out his hand to touch it. Much to his surprise it opened, seemingly of its own volition, and, taking a tighter grip on his nightstick, he entered. His eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom, he started out, tip-toeing down a long hall toward another door. Possibly at the age of three or thereabouts, Sammy could tiptoe quietly, but unfortunately that age was long gone by, his present attempt reminding one of a baby elephant tramping on Aunt Maria's pet corn.

Opening this second door cautiously, Sammy stepped into yet another corridor, to be met by a shower of flour, followed by a deluge of water. With a roar of rage, Sammy rushed in pursuit of a wraith-like figure that had dodged past him through the door. Sammy swung himself around the outside door into the alley once again. Without a thought of what had gone before, Sammy galloped

valiantly up the alley after the fugitive. A sudden premonition of disaster flashed its warning to him, but too late. Bang! crash! — now he knew why the runaway had jumped; he at least had remembered the wire. Sitting up stiffly, Sammy had an unexpected, illuminating brainwave; he remembered what his landlady had warned him of—today was October 31, Hallowe'en.

Through the Snows //

by ELSIE HILL, 2H

Robert looked up from the fire where he was roasting chestnuts as Jack Sothern closed the huge door behind him and came to warm his hands.

"Such a winter I never saw or felt before," said Jack, stamping his feet in an attempt to return circulation.

Jack Sothern was the typical example of the man of the time, engaged in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Heavy corduroy breeches were tucked into the top of stout, knee-high boots, laced tightly. His thick belted jacket was long, reaching almost to his knees. The doeskin mittens had been purchased from an Indian and were of the best. A knitted woollen toque completed the outfit.

Robert drew a wooden bench to the fire and they sat down together. The room in which they were, stretched the length of the building and was the main hall or "store". Here the Indians brought their furs for trade. Long counters stood along the walls.

The rest of the men were drifting in from feeding their dogs or from their various other duties. Robert's attention was arrested as one man entered and stood looking around. "Look," said the boy to Jack, "isn't that Pierre de Gris, from the North-Western Fort across the river?"

"Why so it is. I wonder why he is here?" answered Jack.

As they watched, Pierre climbed onto a table and raised his voice. The men gathered around as they recognized him.

"My fellow-traders," he began, "I have been sent by our seigneur to eenvite you to our post to-night. We weesh to forget our difference for the time, and we promise a merry party. Pray, will you come?"

The announcement was a surprise, but, as de Gris departed, he took along with him a train of curious men. Robert and Jack rose too, and followed. As Jack remarked, they might as well go and see what their rivals planned as entertainment.

The fort across the river was well lit up, and, as the hosts were cordial and at ease, merry-making was soon in full swing. Robert leaned against one of the stout pillars which supported the roof and stood watching the revelry. Suddenly he stiffened and strained with all his might to catch the words someone was uttering on the other side of the pillar.

"You have done well, Pierre. You shall be rewarded. The fools fell for our scheme at once. Now make haste, and take your dogs. You must meet those Indians before they are seen by the Bay men. They are at Lake Chipewa by now. Their furs will mean great profit to us. Now, au revoir, my friend. Make haste!"



Robert stood stock-still as he saw Pierre de Gris make for the door. His companion hurried from behind the pillar and crossed the hall. Luckily, he did not see Robert. The boy made up his mind. He must reach those Indians first. He raced for the door. There was not time to cross the frozen river and bring back his own team. Hastily pulling on his mittens and his toque, he looked around for a team he could borrow. Ah! there was one. It belonged to Ridge, one of the Bay's own men. Quickly he examined the harness and seized the whip. Snowshoes there too. Good. Even as he cracked the whip, and the dogs moved forward, Robert saw the team of de Gris head south as it came from behind the building. What a fool he had been not to get help! Still, he could not turn back now, and he was known as an equal to some of the grown men of the fort. De Gris had not looked back, but Robert knew he must pass him to win, and de Gris would not permit that. But he would wait and see what happened. The miles rolled by and suddenly, to his right, Robert saw a dark line, the River Lee, draw nearer. This river was a tributary of the river dividing the two forts, and separated the North-West fort from Lake Chippewa. To cross the river safely, with a team, one must go down the river at least two miles and then come back to the Lake on the other side. De Gris swung to the left to go along the river. Robert hesitated. His way was clear. To win he must cross the river at this point, dangerous as it might be. De Gris disappeared into a small copse of trees.

In a flash Robert was out of the sled and strapping on the huge snowshoes. He seized the harness of the leading dog and urged the team onto the ice. Because of the swift current at this point, the river never froze quite firmly. The huge sled was the boy's chief worry; it was cumbersome, and unwieldy. Three times did its rear runners fall through the ice, and three times did Robert's heart almost fail him as he pulled it to safety again. He was at length forced to test the ice before he advanced, so treacherous did it become. He felt the ice heave beneath his feet and with growing horror he saw a widening crack form to his right. Desperately, he urged the dogs on; slipping, tugging, straining, they pressed on, and all the while the black line of water grew bigger and drew nearer. Summoning all his strength, Robert put his shoulders to the sled and heaved. As

it flew over the ice and past the danger zone, he followed, but not before he had suffered a twisted ankle and measured his length on the hard ice.

He gained the opposite bank in time, and breathed a thankful prayer as he cracked the whip once more.

Robert stumbled into the night camp of the Indians, by Lake Chippewa. Exhausted as he was, having walked to ease the burden of the sled, and suffering with a swollen ankle and a bleeding nose, he completed the arrangements with the chief for the delivery of the furs to the Hudson's Bay Company a full quarter hour before de Gris drove up. His rival's face, on seeing the boy who greeted him, gave Robert great pleasure, but it was not so great as the words of praise received from the Governor of the Bay fort.

"My boy," he said, "you have done a deed a grown man would be proud of. These furs will mean furthering of our trade treaties, and also an advantage over our rivals. Your father will hear of it from me, and I am sure he will consent now to take you to the Churchill post, which I hear is your greatest desire. At any rate, I will do my best to persuade him."

"Thank you, sir," said Robert and departed to bask in the praises of his fellow traders.





HONOUR STUDENTS

(These Students obtained at least an average of 80% on the February report)

Seated: Harry Green, 1E; Mary Matthews, 1L; Mary Hallinan, Special 2; Mary Snaitham, 2G; Connie Winters, 3S2; Winnie Kay, 4St; Ruth Garlin, 4G; Esther Osthoff, Special 1; Hilda Alderman, 2C; Rita Hains, 1M; Harvey Porter, 2D.

Standing: Margaret Clarke, 2H; Frances Zand, 2G; Nives Valoppi, 1M; Phyllis Lucas, 1Q; Irene Finham, 3S1; Margaret Lawson, 2G; Ruby Cockitt, 2G; Charles Deigan, Special 3; May Japp, 3S2; Marjorie Law, Special 2; Gladys Austin, 1V; Olive Mowforth, 1K; Ethel Weddup, 1R; Louise Polley, 2H.

Absent: Lindsay Davies, Special 2; Jessie Tomlinson, Special 3.



4GM

Front Row: M. Scott, M. Fitt, M. Chiverton, F. Luet, R. Garlin, Mr. C. C. Smith, D. Cornell, V. Whittaker, O. Cushnie, E. Anderson, M. Saunders.

Centre Row: S. Russell, G. Reeder, G. Beedham, A. Riley, R. Cotton, R. Hunter, F. Woodrow, G. Altpeter, R. Park.

Back Row: M. Hewitt, D. Potter, E. Lomax, H. Pinkney, A. Marr, W. Flynn, D. Fisk, L. Houghton, M. Norton.

Absent: J. Miller, M. Kendall.



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Front row: W. Kay, E. Kearn, M. Carter, P. Janes, Miss E. Atkin, L. Hamlyn, B. Knights, M. Rose, M. McAdam.
Middle row: H. Dimson, M. Bell, M. Wangland, E. Ragen, B. Swindlehurst, A. Cardinal, J. McCausland, R. Duff, D. Haswell.
Back row: A. Kerr, B. Dunstan, E. Tinworth, E. Muir, R. McDermott, B. Newton, O. Kay, R. Humpston.
Absent: M. Brown, H. Allman, R. Coulter, S. Gourlie, P. Greenaway, D. Smith, H. Spence.



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Front Row: M. Long, H. Adams, D. Richardson, Mr. R. J. Giffin, M. Preston, S. Spann, E. Wilson, M. Lorimer.
Middle Row: M. Mathewson, G. Doudiet, M. McLaughlin, N. Waters, R. Haigh, D. Armstrong, B. Smail, N. Rigler, W. Jackson.
Back Row: K. Lowther, L. Martin, E. King, G. Rawnsley, H. Ralph, L. Cooley, E. Morden.
Absent: R. Sheardown, V. Lale, M. Bamford, J. Spence.



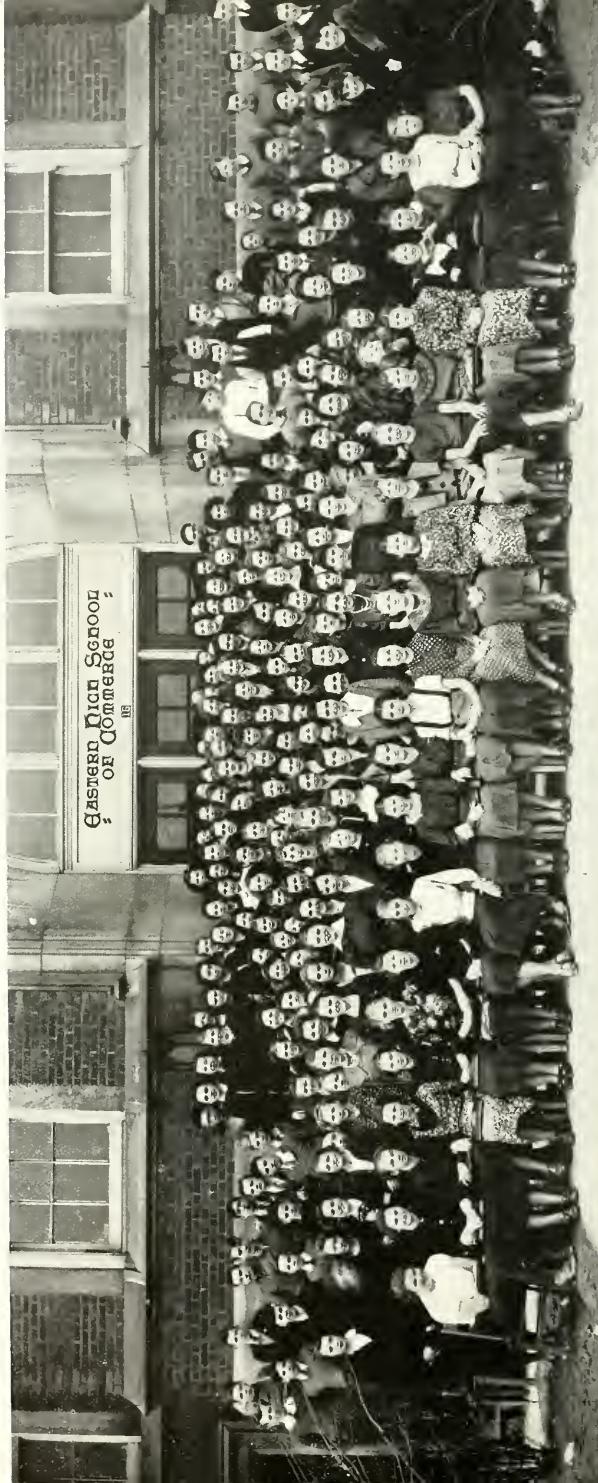
"ECHO" CONTEST WINNERS

Front Row: Dorothy Sigmund, Ruth Garlin, Donna Kilpatrick, Marguerite Eide, Edna George,
Ruth Kraisman.
Back Row: Douglas Boase, Dick Ritchie, Donald Potter, Boh Harvie.
Absent: Olive Kay, Alex, Gillies, George Reeder.



ADVERTISING CLASS

Seated: D. Cornell M. Scott, Assistant Manager; Mr. F. C. Powell, Staff Adviser; D. Potter, Manager;
M. Chiverton.
Standing: L. Houghton, G. Reeder, A. Marr, D. Fisk, H. Pinkney, E. Lomax, M. Hewitt.
Absent: G. Beedham.



3A, 3S1, 3S2, 3S3, 3S4, 3S5

GASTON HIGH SCHOOL
OF COMMERCE



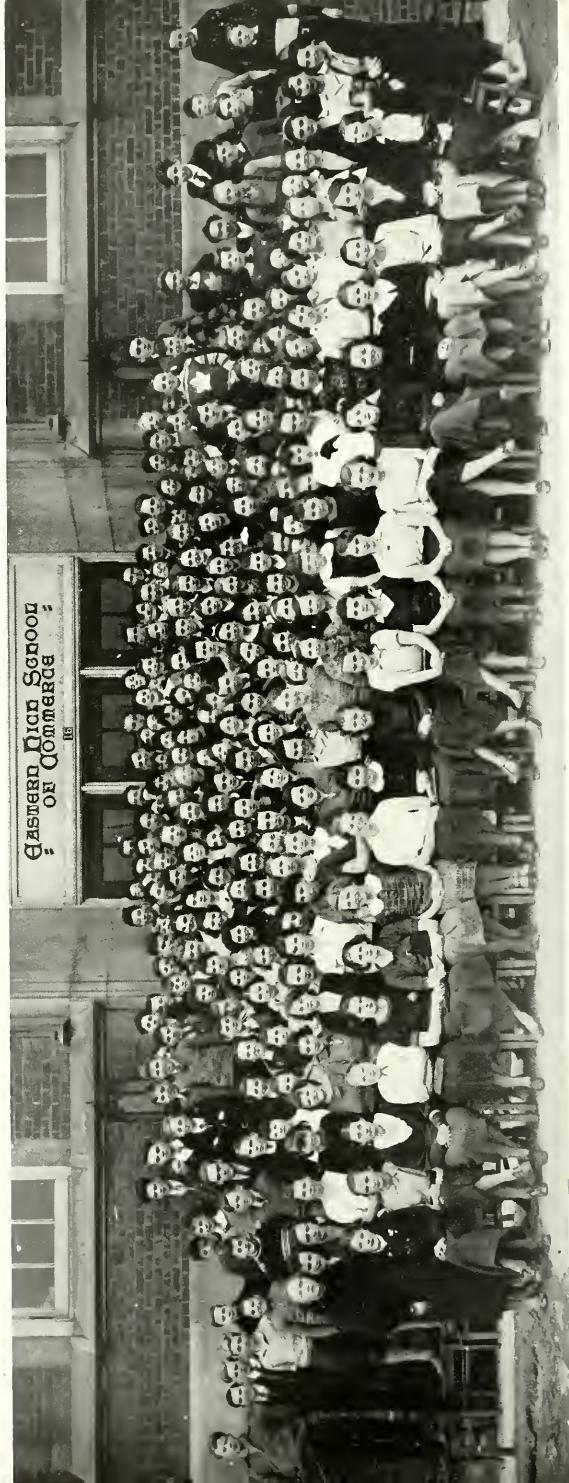
Special 1, Special 2, Special 3, Co-operative Merchandising, 3CM, 2J



2A, 2C, 2D, 2E, 2F, 10



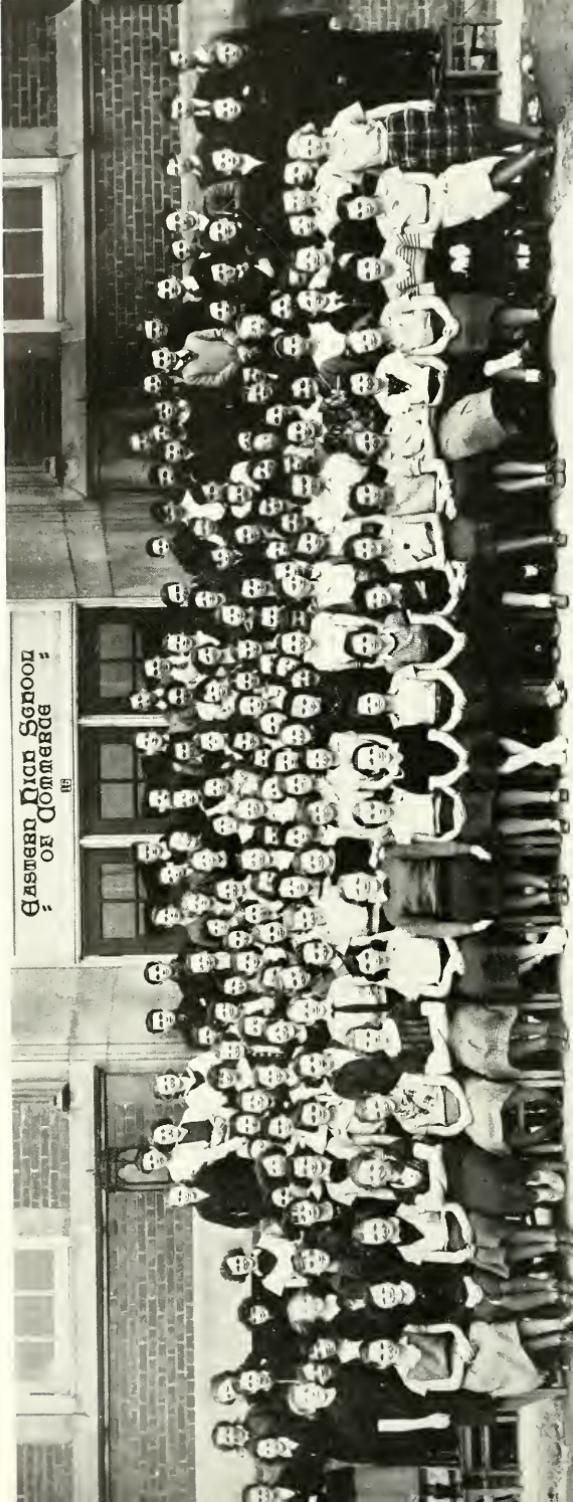
2G, 2H, 2I, 2K, 2M



1A, 1B, 1C, 1D, 1E, 1F, 1G



1H, 1I, 1J, 1K, 1L, 1M, 1N



1Q, 1R, 1S, 1T, 1U, 1V



A STUDENT'S PRAYER

(*Prize Award*)

GEORGE REEDER, 4G

*Lord, I am just a student,
Working hard at school;
I drudge, I slave, I never play,
Or have much time to fool.*

*I try to hear the teachers,
For what they have to say,
But all the time my thoughts are with
Adventures far away.*

*Oh, how I'd like to be,
A knight of old, arrayed
In armour bright, my charger white,
And all my pomp displayed.*

*I'd rescue some fair maiden,
If in distress she be,
I'd carry her upon my horse,
And have her company.*

*My mind is like a sieve,
So I am often told,
But if you were I, you'd want to die,
In chivalrous days of old.*

*I want to live that mystic life,
Of romance, love supreme,
I would decline, this world of Thine,
For the one I often dream.*

*Lord, don't let my knights of yore,
Be pupils of 4G,
'Cause aren't we all just students,
Learning accountancy?*

(With apologies to "Just A Clerk" by H. J. Maclean.)

A DAY AT THE C.N.E.

(*Prize Award*)

ALEX. GILLIES, 3S1

Each year as Exhibition time draws near, I mentally resolve not to attend; the Exhibition authorities have other intentions. Cleverly they arrange that Children's Day (I go then—everything's a nickel!) falls just before the start of school. The knowledge of this approaching catastrophe brews a sort of desperate recklessness in you. "Why not," you reason defiantly, "have one final fling before my freedom is taken from me." A condemned man feels the same way about his last meal. By subtle propaganda, the Exhibition is suggested as the ideal place to "fling" yourself.

From then on the thing is out of your hands. A street-car whisks (?) you down to the gates, and, trying to look as public-school as possible, you hand the attendant your young brother's free ticket. Once inside, you're done for. A thousand attractions are set up for one purpose—to get your money.

A surging crowd of eager victims bears you to the Pure Food building. There you don't have to walk. I have found that by standing still, limbs relaxed and on someone else's feet, I can be carried past every stall and booth in the building, only rising for air every two or three minutes. As you are borne slowly past, you have time to purchase the bags and articles that are shoved in your face. These consist of Sweet Marie bags, Chipso bags, Lipton's Tea bags, Ovaltine bags, Kellog's Wheaties bags and others. You buy balloons, monkeys, dolls, walking canes, noise-makers and other useless articles, which your mother will dispose of next day.



HOW TO GET ON THE GOOD SIDE OF MR. FRI/BY

(Prize Award) by BOB HARVIE, 1G

But you still have some money left (I hope). So you are gently gravitated towards the Midway which is the real exhibition. You gladly pay to see fire-eaters, midgets, Siamese twins, the two-headed baby (pickled in alcohol), the fat lady, the girl with rubber skin, the man with X-ray eyes and other freaks of nature. You gobble hamburgers, weiners, honey-dew and peanuts; then rashly try the waltzer, whip and flyer. You try—and lose—every game from Hoopla (a prize everytime) to Bingo (we gotta have playahs to have winnahs!) and finally broke, sick and weary, you stagger over to the streetcars, unable to fight for a seat which six other people have claims on.

Each year after it is over, I mentally resolve never to go again; but the Exhibition authorities have other intentions.

* * *

"Dearest," sighed Cowling, "couldn't you learn to love me?"

"I might," said Emily, "I learned to do algebra."

* * *

2C, Echoette.

"Short but sweet," murmurs Best, the grocer, as he calmly wraps up fifteen ounces of sugar and marks it, "One Pound".

* * *

2C, Echoette.

Mr. McNaught: "Late again, Sinclair!"
Sinclair: "Yes, sir; so am I."

The 2A Esquire.

LIMERICKS

*There once lived a lady called Cholmondeley
Who acted so dreadfully dolmondeley.*

*Her friend said, "My dear,
I very much fear*

Your brain now is moving too nolmondeley.

OLIVE KAY, 4S1

*There was a young fellow on skis,
Who suddenly wanted to sniz,
He woke up in bed,
With a pain in his head,
And a nurse saying, "Swallow this, plis."*

LILLIAN HANLYN, 4S1

*One night I went down to the show
And sat in the very last row;
But the seat came apart,
And I fell with a start,
Right into the arms of my beau.*

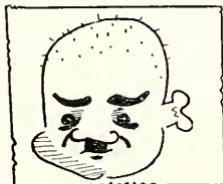
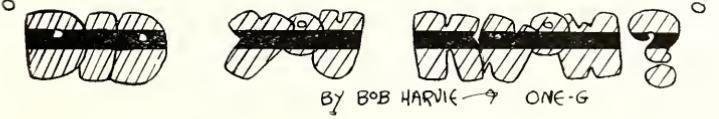
MARIAN WANGLAND, 4S1

*A stalwart young man named Murray
Left the dance in a terrible hurry.
When asked why it was,
He said, " 'Tis because
If I'm out after ten, Ma would worry."*

WINNIFRED KAY, 4S1

*There once was a man named Lever
Who said things he ought not in fever.
His wife near the bed
Heard all that he said,
And learned that he'd tried to deceive her.*

WINNIFRED KAY, 4S1



DID YOU KNOW? -- THAT
MR. WARD COLLECTS --
OF ALL THINGS - NUTS !
BUTTER-NUTS, WALNUTS,
COCOA-NUTS, DOUGHNUTS,
ETC.



DID YOU KNOW? -- THAT MR.
LLOYD HALPENNY HAS DONE
A LOT OF BOXING IN HIS
TIME !!!

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Girls' athletics are a very important part of the programme of school activities of the Eastern High School of Commerce.

Believing that participation in some athletic activity is good for every girl who is physically fit, the Girls' Athletic Society sponsors mass participation.

A girl's character is plainly shown by the way she "plays the game". Qualities such as co-operation, sportsmanship, honesty and ability to assume responsibility, are all developed and obtained through athletics.

Because of the wide variety of sports, it is possible for every girl in the school to find at least one which she particularly enjoys. Tennis and volleyball are played in the fall; basketball and badminton during the winter months; baseball and track activities receive enthusiastic support in the spring; swimming continues for the entire school year.

Our Physical Education teachers, Miss Ruth Campbell and Miss Dorothea Thatcher, and the Girls' Athletic Executive are responsible for the well organized programme of after school activities. To the Curators of each sport, and the many who are called on to assist them, we extend our sincere thanks and appreciation.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE 1936-37

Advisers	Miss Ruth Campbell Miss Dorothea Thatcher
President	Alice Kerr, 4S1
Vice-President	Nancy Ballard, 3S2

Secretary	Audrey Wilson, 3S3
Treasurer	Ruth Garlin, 4G

CURATORS

Volleyball	Marguerite Ross, 4S1
Basketball	Nancy Ballard, 3S2
Baseball	Audrey Oullahan, 3S3
Swimming	Mary Casson, Sp. 1
Life-Saving	Marjorie Gordon, 3S4
Badminton	Rita Lembke, 5S
Individual Points	Betty Meikle, 3S2
Form Points	Blanche Gillanders, 3S1
Tennis	Mary Saunders
Social	Sadie Spaull

CLASS POINTS

Each spring the Girls' Athletic Society presents crests to the junior and senior forms which have, throughout the year, accumulated the greatest number of points for their form.

It does not necessarily mean that the form winning the greatest number of championships will have obtained the most points, for credit is given for participation as well as achievement. As a result, a form which has all its members participating in one or more activities, stands just as good a chance of winning the award as one with only a few skilled participants.

The contest promises to be a close one this year, with second forms doing their best to obtain this singular honour.

INDIVIDUAL POINTS

"The Executive of the Girls' Athletic Society hereby certifies that, having successfully completed her academic year, is qualified to receive the Senior Honour Letter on the basis of enthusiastic participation in athletic activities, outstanding qualities of leadership and an unfailing attitude of good sportsmanship."

The girl who has been successful in acquiring 1200 points, 300 of which must be for leadership, is rewarded by receiving the Senior Honour Letter together with the above certificate.

The junior students try for the Junior Letter, which represents 700 points, 150 of them having to be leadership points.

BASKETBALL

Another season has started for basketball. The tournament is now in progress, and any-

one who comes down to the gymnasium on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays can see how popular this particular sport is.

The senior form games are just about completed. Special 1, having won every game so far, will play 4S1 for the upper school championship.

The second and third form games will continue during the first two weeks in March. The competition is keen, and it is impossible to even guess who the final winners will be.

First form games will not be finished until sometime after Easter. It has been especially interesting to watch the improvement that has been made by these teams during the course of their games.

Many thanks to the girls who are assisting in conducting the tournament, and good luck to the team that hope to be—Champions!



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Front Row: N. Ballard, B. Gillanders, R. Lemcke, R. Garlin, A. Kerr, A. Wilson, M. Casson, S. Spaul, A. O'ullivan.

Second Row: Miss D. Thatcher, I. Patience, M. Williams, N. Byrne, M. Saunders, M. Gordon, M. Rowe, M. Yearsley, L. Worsdall, Miss R. Campbell.

Third Row: P. Price, D. Terry, E. Gillespie, N. Marshall, E. Lowe, G. Tripp, E. Rae, A. Andrews, J. Whiteside.

Back Row: R. Lee, P. Burt, B. Rowe, P. Lucas, E. Elder, D. Fraser, C. Milne, N. Mulholland, E. Hurst, D. Brant.



VOLLEYBALL

Back Row, 3S4: Dorothy Vile, Marjorie Gordon, Isabe Copeland, Kay Reynolds, Kay Pitcher, Margaret Irvine, Evelyn Hayhurst, Nellie Thompson, Margaret Wilson.

Third Row, 4S1: Kay Lowther, Nellie Rigler, Marjorie Mathewson, Eleanor Morden, Ruby Sheardown, Betty Smail, Mary Urquhart, Sadie Spauld.

Second Row, 2I: Marjorie Giles, Jean Weston, Marjorie Williamson, Shirley Rodgers, Margaret Kennedy, Helen Niece, Betty Winkle, Eleanor Royle, Isabel Mears.

First Row, 1C: Helen Goatcher, Beatrice Bignall, Eleanor Wallington, Sylvia Bishop, Marion Gibson, Norma Mulholland, Marion Boothe, Phyllis Gillespie, Eleanor Wright, Nancy Fraser.

VOLLEYBALL

The volleyball nets are down until next fall and the champions of each form are proudly wearing their crests.

The games were run off quickly and smoothly, with six games on every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday.

4S2 triumphed over 4S1 in the upper school final game. 3S4 had a close game with 3S2 before they came out as third form champions. 2I romped home with the 2nd form championship, defeating 2C. 1C concluded the volleyball series by beating 1N in the final game.

Besides the regular games, the winners

and runners-up had the pleasure of playing against teams from other schools. On two occasions we were guests at Danforth Technical and once at Riverdale. Late in November two teams from Malvern, Riverdale, and Danforth Technical came here as our guests and we had exciting games both in the girls' and boys' gymnasiums. Refreshments terminated a pleasant afternoon.

We owe the success of the volleyball tournament to the capable direction of the Curator, Marguerite Ross, and the co-operation of the referees, scorers and time-keepers.

TENNIS

The annual Tennis Tournament, open to all girls of second, third, fourth, fifth and special forms was held last fall at Greenwood Park.

Once again, the large number of entries was evidence that this tournament is gaining steadily in popularity. Mary Saunders and Elsie Anderson were winners of the Senior group. Bella Marnock and Margaret Wice were the third form champions. Dorothy Jones and Lorraine McGavin proved their superiority to the other second form entrants.

These three couples played off to determine the school champions and that honour went to Bella and Margaret.

The first form tournament will be held in the spring, and we are expecting an equally interesting and closely contested series of games.

BADMINTON

More than one hundred players welcomed the beginning of the Badminton Club activities this year.

Because of the increased membership, it was decided to divide the Club into two groups—Juniors and Seniors. The Juniors meet each Wednesday afternoon and receive instruction in badminton technique. On Friday the Seniors play using the flight system

of tournament that was started last year and proved to be so popular.

In the near future we are looking forward to having four outstanding players from the Toronto Radio and Sports, Limited. They will demonstrate and explain the various strokes, and also give an exhibition of singles and doubles.

At present the players in Flight "A" are ranked as follows:

1. Rita Lembke, 5S
2. Dorothy Roby, 3S3
3. Bella Marnock, 3S2
4. Margaret Wice, 3S2
5. Betty Smail, 4S2
6. Nellie Rigler, 4S2
7. Esther Osthoff, Sp. 1
8. Wanda Hobbs, Sp. 1

TRACK AND FIELD

With the approach of Easter, thoughts once more turn to track and field activities. Soon after vacation, practices are held each afternoon until the time of the annual Field Day, which is held in May at the Broadview Athletic Field.

Last year's individual champions were:
Senior—Joyce Taylor
Intermediate—Mildred Fisher
Junior—Eugene Lowe.



BADMINTON AND TENNIS WINNERS

Dorothy Roby, Rita Lembke, Esther Osthoff, Margaret Wice, Bella Marnock, Nellie Rigler,
Betty Smail, Marion Ford.

SWIMMING CLUB SPRAY

The Swimming Club has enjoyed an exciting and eventful existence this year. Every Friday at 3 p.m., from 15 to 20 would-be record-breakers congregate in the pool to practise advanced life-saving, ornamental swimming, and speed swimming.

In the three meets to date, our girls have proved themselves more ornamental than speedy, but the closeness of the competition augurs well for the coming meet on February 25, at Jarvis Collegiate. The first meet was held at Danforth Tech., where the Tech. girls managed to splash their way to a close but well-merited victory. The Commerce girls showed to better advantage in their home pool, where the next two meets were held, but had to bow to Danforth Tech. again and to Malvern.

The girls are keenly awaiting their new school bathing suits, money for which has

been kindly donated by the School Council.

In closing may I, for the Swimming Club as a whole, express thanks and appreciation for the unfailing interest and support given by Miss Campbell.

LIFE-SAVING

September may mean just the beginning of another school year to a lot of students—but to seventy-five girls who form the Life-Saving Group, it is the beginning of an enjoyable and valuable period of instruction in swimming. Our goal?—The coveted Bronze Medallion of the Royal Life-Saving Society.

This art of rescue and release has been patiently and conscientiously taught by the instructresses: Irene Watson, Kay Reynolds, Mary Saunders, June Stone, Gwen Keller, Marjorie Gordon, and Jessie McAlister.

We wish all the girls, instructresses, and students the best of luck in their examination!



SWIMMING CLUB

Back Row: June Stone, Irene Watson, Kay Reynolds, Blanche Gillanders, Jean Fletcher, Marjorie Gordon, Audrey Wilson, Lillian O'Hearn, Mary Casson—Swimming Curator.

Front Row: Bernice Stone, Nancy Ballard, Laura Martin, Mona O'Hearn, Eleanor Rae, Vera Stone, Jessie McAlister, Audrey O'Ullahan, Gwen Keller.



LIFE-SAVING

Back Row: Eileen Smith, Kathleen Smith, Mary Matthews, Velma Blatherwick, Maureen Stead, Gwen Keller, Shirley Corneli, Peggy Price, Renee Crocker, Dorothy Roby, Bernice Stone, Joan Whiteside, Jeannette Morrison, Margaret Hamilton, Winifred Bell, Alda Anderson.

Middle Row: Marjorie Cordon—Life-Saving Curator, Eileen Johns, Muriel Cottrell, Carol Scully, Eleanor Clayton, Gerry Coope, Betty Cheesman, Margaret Wice, Betty Smail, Edith Dreer, Verna Taylor, Betty Clifford, Audree Spooner, Elsie Anderson, Mary Larrington, Lynn Parfett, Tillie Kendall, Kay Pitcher.

Front Row: Audrey O'ullahan, Mona O'Hearn, Laura Martin, Jessie McAlister, Vera Stone, Mary Saunders, Kay Reynolds, Irene Watson, June Stone, Mary Casson, Lena Worsdall, Eleanor Rae, Jean Fletcher, Blanche Gillanders, Grace LaMontagne, Mary Parker, Joyce Mansell.



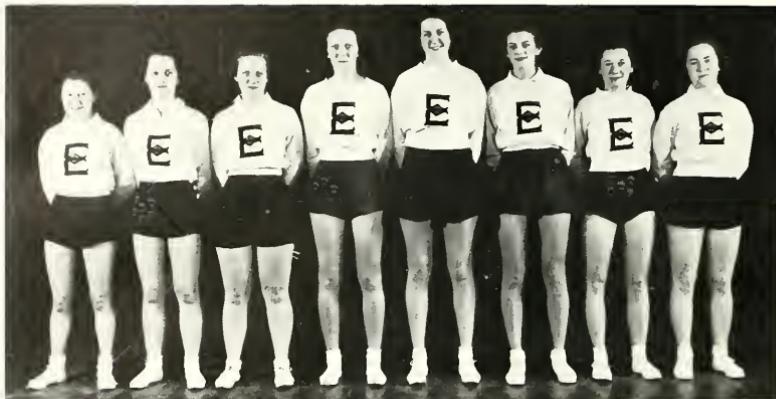
FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Junior: Eugene Lowe; Senior: Joyce Taylor;
Intermediate: Mildred Fisher.



SENIOR HONOUR LETTER WINNERS

Eleanor Davenport, Hazel Hulse, Margaret Stone.



JUNIOR HONOUR LETTER WINNERS

Audrey O'ullahan, Margaret Wice, Nancy Ballard, Alice Kerr, Irene Watson, Blanche G'llanders,
Audrey Wilson, Bella Marnock.

BASEBALL

Baseball is a favourite sport at Eastern Commerce and heads the list of our spring activities.

Although the season is not yet open, it is not difficult to recall the excitement of last year. It seemed that everyone in the school played baseball, for the field was always filled with enthusiastic players.

Last spring, every form entered a team in the tournament, which, because of the limited playing time at our disposal, had necessarily to be of the elimination type. All the games were closely contested—but to 2F, who were victorious in all their games, went the honour of being our school champions.

EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 51.)

Breezes—Dan. McIntyre Collegiate.

I think you have a very successful magazine. I liked the little sayings of Mark Twain, etc., scattered throughout it. You have a great variety of subjects excellently discussed. If the poetry were scattered between the essays,

and if there were a few small pictures, I think the appearance of the Literary section would be improved.

Times—Kingston C. V. I.

The highlight of your magazine was, in my opinion, the short story "Respite" by James Baker. He is certainly to be congratulated for his talent as a writer. The News Section was unusually set up for a magazine, but I think it breaks up the magazine to a certain extent,

The Tech. Tatler.

You have some interesting illustrations. I particularly liked Sea Scape and Ball of the Wild.

—ESTHER OSTHOFF.

THE GIRLS' CLUB

(Continued from page 47.)

gave a suitable Christmas play entitled "A Child of Flanders". Another feature of the afternoon featured two piano solos beautifully rendered by the Miss Reubens of Special 1

We feel sure that, with the continued co-operation the girls have given us, this year's Girls' Club will be the "best ever".

BOYS' ATHLETIC

JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

The Junior Rugby Team, Oh! What a Team! What a Team! We lost five league games and tied one, lost one exhibition, but we won two games from the bantams—we could at least beat them. Total games won: 2; Lost: 6; Tied: 1; Points: 5. Somehow we just couldn't win. Mr. Carter claims it was due to our inferiority complex. He may be right.

The players were as follows: Halves: L. Greenwood, W. Gardner, L. Houghton; Flying-Wing: J. Cossey; Snap: J. Ditta; Insides, W. Hately, J. Roach; Middles: J. Richards, D. Sutterby; Outsides: E. Bignell, D. Ritchie; Quarter: R. Cahill; Subs.: H. Laine, C. Dennis, G. MacKenzie, R. Parkinson, E. Barry, J. Connor, W. Fry, G. Lunau, M. Herriott, J. Winton; Water Boy: D. Dobson. Coach: Mr. W. Dodge; Trainer: Archie Grant; Man-

agers: Tom. Barry and Gordon Beedham.

No one can say that we did not try, because we did, and, considering the size, weight and experience of other teams, we did exceedingly well. It may interest you to know that the Bantam championship was won by Riverdale, the Junior championship was won by Danforth Tech., and the Senior Championship was won by Malvern. All these teams were in our group, which shows the stiff competition we played against.

The hardest workers on the team were: Greenwood, Houghton, Hately, Sutterby, Bignell, Gardner, Cahill, Richards and Cossey, and frequently they found their names listed as stars of the game.

Houghton seemed to be the "jack of all positions" as he played in every position in the backfield and held down a position on the outside wing.



JUNIOR RUGBY

Top Row: W. Fry, J. Ditta, J. Richards, L. Houghton

Second Row: E. Barry, D. Ritchie, A. Grant (Trainer), T. Barry (Manager), J. Connor

Third Row: W. Dodge (Coach), E. Bignell, N. Cahill, B. Hately, M. Herriot, G. Lunau, H. Laine, W. Keast (Principal).

Bottom Row: D. Sutterby, G. MacKenzie, J. Roach, W. Gardner, L. Greenwood (Captain), J. Cossey, C. Dennis, R. Parkinson, D. Dobson.



BANTAM RUGBY

Top Row: A. Ellis, A. Killackey, D. Potter (Manager), M. Harris, M. Hewitt (Trainer), S. Proctor, J. Wilson, B. McEachern.

Second Row: W. Keast (Principal), A. Houghton, G. Horricks, H. Finbow, N. Smith, N. Hill, L. Porto, A. Gallagher (Waterboy), Mr. Carter (Coach).

Bottom Row: W. Lindo, D. Giles, R. Hall, E. Nokes, E. Talbot (Captain), B. Blais, A. Chisholm, H. Jennings, A. Hewitt.

Greenwood was the best half back on the team, and, at running back kicks and on end runs, he does not take second place to any junior half-back.

In the opinion of many fans, Cossey has been rated as the most improved player and should give a great performance next season.

We must not overlook the courage of our insides, Hately and Roach, who nearly killed themselves many times trying to splatter their towering opponents over the ground.

The spectacular tackling of Bignell, Ritchie, Fry, Cahill and Houghton was a thrilling sight for Eastern Commerce Supporters.

Very few points were scored against Commerce Juniors in the last half of a game and here the tide of superiority would usually change, but a lead is a very hard thing to reduce no matter how hard you play. A very good suggestion was given that we play the last half first and then play as well in the first half as we played in the last half, but we could not figure out how to do it.

The rugby season will come again in September, 1937, but this time we will have

the services of the Bantams and Cossey and Lunau, which should help us secure a play-off position.

Rugby is one of the best games invented, so once again I say, "Watch Eastern Commerce go to town next year."

BANTAM RUGBY

Due to the fact there wasn't enough material to form a senior team, for the first time in Eastern Commerce's history, a bantam team was organized with Mr. Carter as coach and Maurice Hewitt as assistant coach.

The training period was short, but Coach Hewitt had the plays down pat. Although the scores were mostly one-sided, they did not indicate the play of the games. Riverdale, Tech., and Malvern were great teams and our line did not contain half as much "beef" as did those of our opponents, but Ellis made up for a lot of us.

Riverdale took us 32-0 in the first game and we have no alibis to offer. In the second game, which was played on a "swampy" field,



4G INTER-FORM BASKETBALL AND SOCCER CHAMPIONS

Front Row: F. Woodrow, M. Norton, D. Fisk, W. Flynn, S. Russell, G. Reeder, G. Altpeter, R. Park.
Back Row: L. Houghton, R. Cotton, A. Riley, E. Lomax, Mr. W. Copp, A. Marr, D. Potter, M. Hewitt,
H. Pinkney.

we scored a touchdown when Chisholm fell on a fumble and Porto plunged through to score. This was the first major score against Riverdale in two years.

Malvern was a tricky team, and scored a win the first meeting with Lady Luck helping them along considerably. The second session they looked like a real team and certainly deserved the win.

Tech. was the heavy team, and while we held them off for a while, they squeezed out a win. The last game of the season with Tech. was when we showed top form. In the last quarter, Harris and Porto moved the yard sticks seven times in a row, and Talbot threw a perfect short forward pass to Chisholm for a touchdown.

These boys are experienced now, and should show class next year when they graduate to the junior ranks, under the able management of Mr. Doidge.

SOCcer

With the approach of the fall season, many boys' thoughts turn to rugby, but this year soccer also enjoyed our whole-hearted support.

Many of our able-bodied boys turned out with enthusiasm to uphold the prestige of their form, climaxing one of the finest seasons of soccer held at this school.

Under the competent leadership of Lorne MacIntyre, the boys of 4G could not be denied the championship, and for the second year in succession they were the crowned champions of the school, defeating 2D in a bitterly-fought game, the score being 3-2 after over-time.

1G led by J. Richards became the lower school champions by defeating 10 with a score of 2-0. Because of their fine playing throughout the season, 1G certainly deserved to win.

The players of these two winning teams were presented with crests, and the soccer committee, consisting of J. Spofford, J. Castello and W. McNeely, received leaders' crests.

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

The interform basketball league was conducted this year with great success under the guidance of Mr. Carter, Mr. Copp and a

committee composed of J. Ditta, M. Herriott, M. Connor and E. Talbot. The various teams showed enthusiasm throughout the basketball season and availed themselves of every opportunity to practice, much of which was done in the lunch periods.

A preliminary series was organized for the purpose of getting the teams in shape for the regular schedule. After many thrilling games, J. Roach was able to lead 10 to the first form championship. R. McCutcheon guided 2D into the charmed circle for second forms, and A. Marr again captained the 4G Buccaneers to the school honours.

BOYS' SWIMMING CLUB

This year the same policy has been carried out as last year. Each Thursday the swimming club meets, under the direction of Mr. Douglas, for a scheduled list of events. These are handicaps, with the handicaps changing each week according to past performances of the swimmers. Each week also has its relay races and water-polo games. Ribbons are awarded to the event winners. These

are in the school colours; 1st red, 2nd gold, and 3rd black, with the printing on each varying to form the school colours. Points are also awarded: 5 for 1st place, 4 for 2nd, 3 for 3rd, 2 for 4th, and 1 point for entering the event. At the end of the season, a cup is awarded to the highest point winner and medals to the two runners-up. At present it is a very close race for top honours between Bill Stanley with 31 points, Harry Jennings with 29 points and Trevor Heard with 28. The points of the other swimmers vary as follows: Black: 25, McCutcheon: 21, Lindo: 19, Lambeth: 18, Legault: 18, Fyfe: 13, Soul: 13, Dobson: 11, Graham: 11, Taylor: 6, Buttrey: 6, Hobs: 5, and Irvine: 3.

There have been several swimming meets with other schools and several are planned to take place shortly. As there are no seniors this year in the club, all the meets have been for Juniors and Intermediates. The first, against Jarvis, turned out a triumph for the Junior team with a final score of 26 to 14 in favour of Commerce. Danforth Tech. Juniors and Intermediates also had to acknowledge the Easterners' 37 to their 29. The last



BOYS' SWIMMING CLUB

Standing: R. MacKenzie, T. Heard, L. Fullerton, Mr. P. Douglas, C. Fyfe, R. McCutcheon, E. Blake.
Kneeling: V. Black, B. Buttrey, T. Lambeth, A. Braham, N. Taylor, J. Montgomery.
Sitting: T. Soul, D. Dobson, R. Hobs, H. Jennings, A. Irwin, B. Stanley, J. Lindo.

meet to date was an under-sixteen-years-of-age competition with York Memorial. This seemed to suit the boys even better for they scored 47 to their visitors' 10 points.

The teams are looking forward with keen interest to the city championships to be held at Hart House. Last year they were nosed out of first honours in the Junior events by Humberside Collegiate, but they feel confident of putting up a stronger team this year.

THE GYM TEAM

There has been a large turnout this year for both the junior and senior gym. teams, and a great deal of good material has been secured. With this material we hope to develop an ideal gym team to entertain at a concert or two and possibly take part in an exhibition.

The juniors are looking forward to next year, when they hope to be improved enough to compete for the "trophy cup" presented

to the best all-round gymnast. Last year this cup was won by Bill Finlay, who is not with us this year. However, last year's seniors, D. Fisk, L. Houghton, S. Vouuden and B. Rhodes are still with the team and they are doing their best to help the juniors in the work, and at the same time prepare themselves for our annual Gym Tournament.

TRACK AND FIELD

Pre-season training was carried on in the boys' gymnasium in the early spring as the school yard was not yet dry. The boys were given the use of the gym and the equipment after school hours on certain days of the week. They were also given instructions on how to train for the various events for the coming field day. As soon as the back campus was dry, the field equipment was transferred to the yard, and under the able direction of Mr. F. Schnick, the boys were instructed in the correct method of using the equipment to good advantage.



GYM TEAM

Bottom Row: G. Venn, E. Sadler, G. Andrews, R. Walkerdine, J. Fraser, S. Dean, R. Wilson, H. Jennings, K. Jannah, H. Jones, H. Porter, D. Harvey.

Middle Row: G. Townley, J. Stevenson, J. Sadler, L. Jackson, E. Gallagher, A. Irvine, D. McCutcheon, E. Martin.

Top Row: W. Collins, H. Green, D. Dobson, W. McMurray.

Shoulder Stand: L. Houghton, R. Kelly.

On Parallels: S. Vouuden, B. Rhodes, W. Green, C. Deigan, A. Houghton, D. Fisk.



2D SECOND FORM SOCCER CHAMPIONS

Sitting: J. Talbot, N. Dawber, S. Scrutton, E. Black, C. Turnbull, D. Scrutton, M. Sayer.

Standing: R. McCutcheon, R. Thornton, M. Herriott, Mr. Doidge, W. McNeely, A. Strathdee, H. Jeffery, R. Costello.

Absent: J. Billinger.

The preliminaries of all the field events, such as the jumps, discus throw and shot put were run off successfully in the school yard, to save time in the finals. The regular Track and Field Day was held in May at the Broadview Y. M. C. A. Track, and a large number of spectators attended, even though it did rain part of the time. After the cheers of the last event had died away, and the score keeper had made a final survey of the points, the following were crowned champions:

Senior Lorne MacIntyre

Intermediate Jack Steen

Junior Michael Anthony

This year we should like to see more boys turn out for early training, and more enter the 1937 field day events.



10 INTERFORM BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Kneeling: N. McConnell, R. Collins, W. Cochrane,

A. Gerry,

Standing: A. Hewitt, C. Baker, Mr. C. Carter,

J. Roach, A. Hughes.



1G FIRST FORM SOCCER CHAMPIONS

K. Jennett, G. Williams, G. Horricks, A. Irvine, A. Lauzon, T. Lambeth, Mr. Doidge, G. Walmsley,
A. Killackey, G. Coomber, G. Wong, W. Leggat, H. Jennings, T. Gallagher, B. Jeeves.

THE SUN GOD'S LAST GESTURE

(Continued from page 60.)

Hanging low in the heavens in a last desperate attempt to warm the frigid North, Old Sol is pouring out his rays with glorious intensity, rays which cause the chopping sea of ice to sparkle like a sea of floating diamonds, rays which fill the hearts of the Eskimos with fleeting warmth and gladness.

The Eskimos break into a long wailing chant because their mighty God is sinking rapidly into the depths of the sea. The waves below him dance and splash with glee as they think of another victory over the great god. Once more they are going to swallow him. The god's glory is waning and the golden ribbons fade slowly, then die. Suddenly without warning Old Sol takes his final plunge and is lost in the seething waters that roll and tumble victoriously as they devour him.

The prostrated Eskimos wail their farewell prayers to the extinguished god and shiver with the fear of seven months' darkness.

* * *

Mr. Schnick: "An abstract noun is something you can think of, but can't touch. Give me an example, Hayes."

Hayes: "A red-hot poker."

2C, *Echoette*.

It was the evening of Christmas eve. A special constable approached the cyclist.

"Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased its function."

"Sir?"

"Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"But really, I don't quite"

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

"My dear fellow, I"

"The transversal ether oscillations in your incandescencer have discontinued."

Just then a boy shouted, "Hi mister! Your lamp's out."

And the cyclist understood,

A. G. SMITH, 3A

* * *

The successful accountant requires three virtues—faith, hope, and charity.

"The 3A Esquire"

* * *

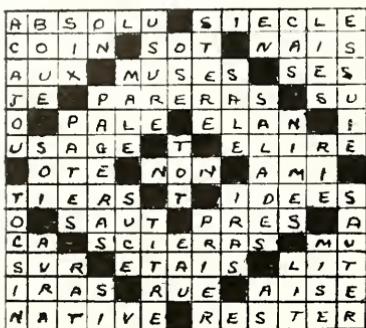
Definition—An after-dinner speaker is a fellow who eats a meal that he doesn't want so that he can get up after it and tell a lot of jokes he doesn't remember to a group of people who have heard them before.

IL, "The Gale"

DE PETITS PROBLEMES POUR LES INTELLIGENTS

(Continued from page 52.)

1. Quatre personnes y assisteront.
2. Ils se regardent.
3. Il est le fils de cet homme.



USE YOUR CAMARA MORE

(Continued from page 54.)

evening is past, when one lit a flashlight powder fuse, was shocked by the great glare that went up, and was subsequently disappointed in the staring-eyed result. Now, no exposure of longer than 10 seconds is necessary, and most pictures can be taken with an exposure of from 1/25 of a second to 2 seconds. The superpanchromatic or "speedy" film requires only $\frac{1}{2}$ the time for Plenachrome or Verichrome films, and $\frac{1}{4}$ the time for the slow "Regular" film.

A summary of the merits and costs of these three methods of indoor photography follows:

Photoflash: Costly (15c for each bulb, good for only one exposure), but with it you can take fine group pictures, and even most action pictures indoors. The pictures on page 55, "Four Balls of Wool", "Study Period", and "Employment Conference" were taken with Flash Bulbs.

Photoflood (Ordinary) and Photoflood (No. 2): Cheap. The Ordinary Photoflood will give brilliant illumination for about 40 pictures (it will burn for a total of 2 hours), while the "No. 2" gives twice the illumination of the "Ordinary" (1500 watts) and

will burn for 6 hours. The prices are 25c and 50c each respectively. With the No. 2 Bulb, snapshots can be taken with a box camera. Now you can't say the photo-supply experts haven't come half-way to meet you!

If you want to take indoor pictures by daylight, this is possible with any kind of camera, and is quite easy. All it requires is that you take an experimental roll or two in advance with the camera you intend to use. Once you have gained the experience this will give, you are ready, with the help of an exposure table, for any indoor assignment. The pictures "Corridor", "The Masterpiece", "Saturday Bath", and "Going Downstairs?" were all taken in the school by natural light. Don't forget, you box-camera users, that the principle employed by a \$200.00 camera is just the same as that used in yours, and that, if you have a box camera with a good lens, your pictures will require a little longer exposure, but may equal or surpass in interest and genuine "picture value" the results of the former, wherever taken, indoors or outdoors.

May I offer, in closing, two further suggestions. To each camera user reading this, I would like to say—First, if an exposure record of some sort is kept over a period of a year of each of the pictures you take, especially of those experimenting along new lines, you will notice a swift improvement in your "camera sense" and judgment. And finally, if in doubt as to whether a picture is possible or not, try it. The modern camera, loaded with modern film, is a fine instrument, and, if you will give it a chance, will surprise you by its ready adaptability to many of the most unfavourable conditions. Use your camera more!

* * *

Victims of the latest 'flu epidemic should pity Mr. Roosevelt.

Poor man! He's had a cold in his head for the last four years.

* * *

Mr. Hare: "Miss Mac—, I don't like the way you make i's."

Miss Mac—: "Oh, sir!"

Mr. Hare: "I'll teach you to make better ones some day."



3S1, 3S4, 3S5, TIED AS WINNERS OF SENIOR CLASS PAPER CONTEST
Editors (inset): Marion Ostler, 3S4; Irene Finham, 3S1; Margaret Radford, 2S5.



2H, WINNERS OF SECOND FORM CLASS PAPER CONTEST



1K, WINNERS OF FIRST CLASS PAPER CONTEST

ECHO FORM REPRESENTATIVES

4GM—Elsie Anderson	2C—Mary Bradner	1G—Bob Harvie
4S1—Patricia Greenaway	2D—Harry Stitch	1H—Norman Doherty
4S2—Elsie King	2E—Mary Banner	1I—Thelma Frith
3A—Douglas Telfer	2F—Lillian Lloyd	1J—Mildred Neill
3CM—Sylvia Segal	2G—Lynn Parfett	1K—May Wallen
3S1—Ruth Kraisman	2H—Gladys Tripp	1L—Joyce Quarrington
3S2—Jessie McAlister	2I—Ruth Barrows	1M—Nives Valoppi
3S3—Gladys Linney	2J—Petrova Powell	1N—Audrey Weston
3S4—Margaret Irvine	2K—Eldred Helks	1O—William Collins
3S5—Joy Morris	2M—Reg. Costello	1Q—Jean Long
Special 1—Josephine Marney	1A—Lillian Roberts	1R—Letty Williams
Special 2—Marjorie Law	1B—Jean Cowie	1S—Gwen Keller
Special 3—Florence Radford	1C—Eleanor Wright	1T—Ralph Long
Co-operative Merchandising —Earle Dillon	1D—Helen McMullen	1Z—Gladys McKnight
2A—William Gardner	1E—Harry Green	1V—Harry Wells
	1F—Douglas Jilks	

FORM NEWS

4S1 RESUME

We are the girls of 4S1,
And boy! Oh boy! Do we have fun?
We do our homework with a smile,
And nothing ever cramps our style.

The girls had a splendid volleyball team this term, being defeated only in the final game. We intend to do even better in basketball. Our Four S One-der public speaking club is really a wonder. (Ask Mr. Rowe.) We have programmes in the auditorium every Friday, which are arranged by our committee.

Our class has several High Society Members, who are: Winnie Kay, President of the Students' Council; Elsie Kearn, Secretary of the Students' Council; Betty Swindlehurst, Editor-in-chief of the *Echo*; Alice Kerr, President of the Girls' Athletic Club; Edna Muir, Secretary of the Girls' Club.

FLASH!!!

Due to the efforts of Mr. Woods and the splendid actresses in 4S1, we have presented

three very successful plays, although the last one did turn out to be a farce instead of a drama.

FLASH! FLASH!

Mr. C. L. Rowe stated last Friday that he would like to get Winnifred Kay up on the stage in the auditorium acting the witches' cauldron scene from the play "Macbeth".

Common Remarks Of Teachers To 4S1:

Mr. Powell: "But that's getting away from the point."

Miss Barrans: "Use the little finger on the back spacer."

Mr. Rowe: "E--nun--ci--ate your words cl--ear--ly."

Miss Atkin: "Don't be lumps, now."

Mr. C. R. Smith: "What we are aiming for is accuracy."

—PAT. GREENAWAY

FROM THE 4S2'S—102

Did you know there was such a form as 4S2? Most of the people around this school don't seem to be aware of this fact. As one of the girls was complaining, we're just neglected, pitifully neglected. They even forget to send any heat up to our room, and then wonder why half the class, well, perhaps not quite half, but a good many of them are away from school with colds. I think the trouble is we're absolutely lost, invisible, under the huge pile of Commerce & Transportation notes, bookkeeping sets, perfect copies, and endless other tasks the teachers seem to delight to throw on us. It really is a shame, and we feel we can't hold up much longer, so, if you see a class with wrinkled, furrowed brows, losing the rosy blush of youth, that's 4S2! We're not exceptionally bright, but as good as most of the other forms. I think one teacher expressed the opinion of all our teachers in saying, "You're a very likeable class, and I'm very keen on you." We may not have many honour students (leave off the "m" and you will be nearer the truth) but are we downhearted? After all, we did win the volleyball championship, and our prospects in basketball look very cheerful to us, so there's still some joy in life.

Speaking of brightness, the girls certainly showed the boys up on the November reports, so the boys all obtained positions before the Mid-year examinations. However, just as soon as the results were out, two of them came strolling in, and the other two will soon probably make their appearance.

Well, we've filled up all the space we're allowed, so cheerio!

—MAUREEN LORIMER

NEWS OF 4GM

As far as 4-G are concerned we have had a very successful (???) year. Several of our members—Marg. Fitt, Margaret Scott, Ruth Garlin, Roy Cotton, Mel. Norton, Don Potter, Bill Flynn, and Lorne Charleton, are on the *Echo* Staff, and Frank Woodrow is Treasurer for the Students' Council.

For some reason or other, we have the reputation of never letting Miss Atkin down. There is always someone who can kindle the spark of knowledge.

Miss Barrans is very disappointed in our

typing, but we'll do or die. Before we make the grade, we shall probably die.

We had all come to the conclusion that the depression was over. A few weeks ago Marg. Scott treated herself to a new refill, but by the time she had settled her debts there were about four sheets left. Now we are back in the same old rut—refusing to lend any more paper.

We will soon be able to say that we are graduates of the Eastern High School of Commerce. We have had an enjoyable four years' stay here, but are looking forward to the time when we are to have our place in the business world. We thank all the teachers who have so patiently laboured to teach us the rudiments of business, and may we ever be a credit to them. When we look back may we never regret that we chose Eastern Commerce as the starting place of our business career.

—ELSIE ANDERSON.

RE-ECHOES FROM 3A

Three A is heartbroken, and the examination results are not the cause. To be very frank, we are ashamed. Our Mr. Wm. Parr has failed to knit his usual number of squares for the Girls' Club and when we asked the reason he replied, "because I don't know how, Pal."

In school sports, 3A has been rather dull, in fact I might even say out. All the boys were enthusiastic over our rugby prospects but the schedule disappeared like powder on a girl's nose. In football we were deeply humiliated at being eliminated by 2D, but were consoled when three overtime periods were necessary for 4G to defeat 2D. Our last hope for school supremacy is baseball and it is in this sport we believe we shall excel because we have a couple of Hubbells, and Gehrigs in the class.

Three A is extremely proud of its Public Speaking Club and Class Paper, both of which are under the direction of Mr. Carson. The Speaking Club is presided over by B. Rhodes and the Paper is edited by D. Telfer. Both proved themselves worthy of the class's confidence in them.

—ROBERT G. VICKERS

3CM NEWS-FLASHES

We are a combined form of girls' accountancy and merchandising. We are very en-

thusiastic about our various sports—although we've won no honours, but received loads of fun and lots of punishment. (Both the boys and girls.)

WE NEVER SAY DIE! We'll show our worth in the coming volleyball games!!!

We shine in our debates—and do we ever get laughs!!! (You never saw such a class for arguing).

We have detentions galore—all because of our noisy chatter, gossiping, and giggling—of which each teacher is complaining.

One of our many highlights is that of the "SILVER CUP", that is proudly displayed in our room. The girls of 3CM beat the stenography classes in a typing contest—although we have half their periods in typing. Not so bad for a noisy class.

Being editor of the *gossip*, I think a little of same is not out of place, so here goes:

Is Deannie really interested in ALL 3 A?

—SYLVIA SEGAL

HIGHLIGHTS OF 3S1

Girls' Sports

The Feminine section of 3S1 have not won any laurels in the realm of sport so far, having played through the volleyball series without capturing the championship, but we won't let the basketball crest slip through our fingers so easily.

Boys' Sports

The Boys were more fortunate in their Soccer games than the girls in their Volleyball. They reached the finals and were defeated by 4G after playing overtime, with a score of 2 to 1.

Social Events

These have been many and all have been a decided success. We have had four parties, three at the home of Rose Over, and the other was a surprise (?) party on Eleanor Fleming. Even if everyone that was invited did not turn up, those who did enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content.

The 1936-37 class of 3S1 will long be remembered in the annals of the Eastern High School of Commerce as a class that were always ready for a good time, *nearly* always had their work done and who were good sports all the way through the game. I don't think that any more need be said.

—RUTH KRAISMAN.

FLASHES FROM 3S2

As you probably know, 3S2 is supposed to be THE third form, (although we hear con-

trary remarks, which we are beginning to believe ourselves).

We had a very good volley-ball team this year, under the capable supervision of Anne Matheson. We did, in fact, reach the semi-finals before we were defeated.

Our basketball team is doing well too, for, so far, we have won all our games except one, which we tied. Our basketball captain is Betty Meikle.

As to our aquatic results, four of our members are studying life-saving, and are trying to win their Bronze Medal.

We also have within our four walls, the Tennis School Champs., Margaret Wice and Bella Marnock. At Commencement, they received cups for this achievement.

So, with these tit-bits of news ringing in your ears, we, the girls of 3S2, sign off for another year.

—JESSIE MCALISTER.

3S3 FORM NEWS

Oullahan, Donaldson, Clayton, McPhee,
Are part of my story re 3S3:

Koebel, Trimble, Hamilton, Knox,
We like the way the first one walks:

Corcoran, Carphin and Udell,
These three play the piano well:

Wilson, Taylor, Dickson and Sherk,
Can Mr. Giffin make them work?

Whitely, Hannah, Huntley and Bray,
They're absent yesterday, here today:

Bloomer, Davis, Scully and Daws,
In heavy drama rate applause:

Roby, Gordon, Jennett and Hood,
For idle prattle—very good:

Palmer, Richards, Stewart and Birrell,
In French their heads are all awhirl:

Ockenden, Stiffler, Tennyson, Smythe,
Bevens, DeRocher, Clarke, Linney, Gough—
No rhyming there as you can see,
So au revoir from 3S3!

—GLADYS LINNEY.

A REVIEW OF THE STUDENTS "?"

OF 3S4 By A B C's

A is for Andrews who likes apple pie,
B is for Brindley—boy, is she shy?

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C is for Copeland, the name of a street,
D is for Dowdell just look at *the* feet.
E is for everybody that's 3S4,
F is for Fielding who wants some more.
G is for Gower, first in the class,
H is for Hayhurst, a typical lass.
I is for Irvine, the idol of joy (?)
J is for Joan, a girl for the boys.
K is for Kizoff, who's first in typewriting,
L is for Lamont who goes with Dot.

Larkin(g).

M is for May who's silent all day.
N is for "Night Time" when 3S4 play.
O is for Ostler, "Oozie" by short,
P is for Pitcher who's good in sport.
Q is for "Quiet Please", the teachers all say,
R is for Reynolds who can swim all the day.
S is for several of our well known class,
T is for Thompson—*how* does she pass?
U is for unanimous we are in our claims,
V is for victory in the volleyball games.
Double U, Ecks, Wy Zee—
That's all there is as you can see,
But if by chance you would want more
Come up and see 3S4.

—MARGARET IRVINE.

OUR GANG OF 3S5

All the girls who sit at the back,
Not a bit of courage they lack.
And not a trace of crumbs they leave,
Marge, Helen, Phil and Betty Jeeves.

And then the girls who sit at the front,
We pity them 'cause they can't eat their lunch;
They have to mind what they do and say,
Jean, Elsie, Gwen, Pearl and May.

Irene Watson can swim like a fish,
And to swim like her is what we wish;
Dorothy Silk is never late,
Because with the office she has a date.

Betty Clifford across the aisle,
Fools and laughs all the while,
With Evelyn Adams, who sits near the wall,
And likes to meander in the hall.

Joyce and Mynne have lots of fun,
But always have their homework done;
Mary Hasleden takes the cake,
She is always wide awake.

Marg. Radford, the editor of the paper,
Is always up to some funny caper;
To Marg. and her staff we wish all luck,
They certainly have got lots of pluck.

—Joy MORRIS.

SPECIAL 1—ROOM 208

Betty Huser has a sense of humour to help her over rough spots, namely, in the short-hand transcription exam., writing about a cake instead of a cape and asserting she could get one made to measure.

Alan Sharpe obtained the place of honour in our excuse list by saying, "I had—um—a lot of correspondence to attend to."

Geraldine McLaughlin's amiable nature seems to put her one excuse, "I haven't got it done," over extremely well.

Kay Provan encourages those short in stature, by telling that after an absence she's never missed by the teachers, which is rather helpful.

To future French classes we leave the one answer that fits all questions, "Je ne sais pas". Familiar words: "Vous allez tomber, Taylor, je pense."

Edith Kerr found herself in an embarrassing situation recently. During bookkeeping period, she was asked if she had brought a note and thinking she had been asked the next question answered: "I haven't quite finished writing it yet." An explanation, however, smoothed matters over.

We wonder what attraction lies in the auditorium at 8.30 a.m.

To a future Special 1, we leave one line of poetry which is especially apt when doing homework, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

—JOSEPHINE MARNEY.

SPECIAL TWO FORM NEWS

How cha do!! Fellow Echoists—or sump'n.
"Ahem!" It gives me great pleasure to present the following report on Mr. Chard's Special 2. (Business-like, eh what?)

We're the class Mr. Carter insists on calling "Dear Children"—not Ladies and Gentlemen—"dear little girls and boys"—we like him in spite of it, and sure will miss him when we leave Commerce's Hallowed (Haunted by Mr. Spence) Halls.

We still don't understand why Mr. Hare rubs, (excuse me) erases our bookkeeping from the board. In spite of a big, huge, large, monstrous P. L. O.—it is still rubbed (oops) erased. He does things by halves though—uh-hu, by halves—he erases (at last) half of it, which is so EXASPERATING, "folks."

Well they can't say the boys keep the girls from working. BOO-HOO, our male section has diminished sump'n awful, about six left. Seriously, Messrs. Chard and Frisby have done a swell job of getting rid of them.

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Gosh!!! I've used up my 175 words—so
Flub Dub!!!

—BY PIPSQUEAK.

SPECIAL 3

He stormed into the room, a tall fair haired individual, and glared upon an innocent little girl who, by one of fate's little digs, happened to be early for once.

"I have a job for you", he announced with the 'business-like manner', we of the Collegiate envy in our Commercial associates.

"A, a job, I stammered!"

"Yes, you are to compose an article for the *Echo*, representing your form, Special 3."

With these words my dictator rushed from the room, seeking, I suppose, other prey. I was left in deep thought, which remained with me for the balance of the day.

Special Three is not a form to declare loudly its fine characteristics, but we have some.

Deeply buried in room 311 are many future geniuses; you may laugh but we have "what it takes." We have humour, especially in the north-east corner; we have red-headed, "gray matter". (a male member girls.) We have dignity presiding at the front; we have friendliness throughout the room, and good, good school spirit adopted towards our adopted school for the year.

FLORENCE RADFORD

THE CO-OPERATIVE CLASS IN RETAIL MERCHANTISING

"People have more fun than anybody."

With this idea in the back of their minds, a group of students and teachers got together to form the sixth Co-operative Class in Retail Merchantising. After careful thought and consideration, the personnel of the class was decided upon and work commenced.

Outside of solely scholastic endeavour, the chief work of the class was the organization of a Merchandising Club, and the organization and production of the Class's Annual Demonstration and Display. Both matters have been dealt with successfully. The Display on February 18, was an unqualified success. Indirect and modern lighting was featured this year.

Out of the large group who commenced the class, only Eda Davies, Freida McKenzie, Jean Scott, Paul C. Attallah and Earle S. Dillon remained to organize and produce the Display.

EARLE S. DILLON.

NEWS OF THE DAY ABOUT 2A

Things we would like to know—

Why is Sinclair late every day?

Whose picture does Connor carry?

Where does Urquhart go when he's not here?

What game do Johnston and McCartney play?

Why does Geo. Long want to be in 2K?

What's the attraction at the back of the room?

Why are the rugby stars, Chisholm and McErchern, women haters?

Why does Gardner like red-heads?

Quer Sayings—Guess who says them?

"Don't take it too seriously."

"This class is a bunch of dubs."

"All right! away you go."

"What a gang!"

"Were you talking, McCourt?"

"I've lost the test, boys."

"This is the worst 2A we've ever had."

"One minute to go."

—URQUHART AND GARDNER.

2C PICTURES

Picture a class that will be
As bright as are old 2 C.

Picture them walking sedately around;

Picture them not making a sound;

Picture the class not under restraint;

There's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture TOWNSEND with nothing to say;

Picture KERR taking time off to play;

Picture BRADNER with a joke that is new;

An Algebra question GILES can't do;

Picture GILLIES in the roll of a saint;

There's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture ALDERMAN at the end of the class;

Picture GREENWOOD making a pass;

Picture EMMETT making a mistake;

Picture CLODE without a date;

Picture the class with ne'er a complaint;

There's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture JONES not writing a love-note;

Picture BOASE not getting a vote;

Picture LOWE not able to giggle,

The whole of 2 C not able to wiggle;

Picture them anything else that they "ain't";

There's a picture no artist can paint.

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2-D FORM NEWS

2 D was highly elated when the Junior Editor for the *Echo* was elected. You ask why? You want to know? Well the reason was that Harvey Porter of 2D was the one elected.

Another feather in 2D's hat was the presentation of the swimming cup to last year's best swimmer of Commerce. Ralph McCutcheon of 2D was the winner.

In the Honour standing Harvey Porter, mentioned before, received a standing of 84 to pass into second form.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:

Who's the blonde, that strong, tall, and handsome Venn met?

Who is this mysterious Kathy that is connected somehow with Carter?

Where do McIntosh, Stitch, and Treloar spend their lunch hour and what seems to be so interesting there?

When will Hohs stop talking and mumbling to himself?

—HARRY STITCH

2E FORM NEWS

No clash of trumpets is needed to introduce Form 2 E. (We make enough noise). At Volleyball we almost gained the top, but 2 G proved our Waterloo. At Basketball we hope to be surpassed by none.

We are glad to welcome Dorothy Parsons back to school again after a long period of illness. Owing to illness our form teacher, Miss Elliott, has been given leave of absence and Miss Hounsom has taken over her duties.

We Should Like To Know Why—

Ruth always walks along to Room 313.— We heard he was a rugby hero? Is that right, Ruth?

The "Three Musketeers" are always late for the penmanship and geography classes?

Millie walks along the Danforth in the general direction of Greenwood every time we have first lunch period?

Elaine wants to be promoted to 3S5 next year? She says it's because the room is on the first floor, but we think different.

—MARY BANNER

WITH 2F IN 302

Although we haven't done anything exceptionally well in the field of sport or "walked away" with any championships (so far) we really do have our fun. However, our basketball team appears to be stepping (on each other's toes) along fairly well.

One Hundred-two

By the results of our current event readings, 2F seems to be unconscious of the worldly doings, or perhaps there are more interesting things to occupy their minds.

Our class paper, unfortunately, was not ready in time for the *Echo* contest; however, this was not the fault of the editors. The contributions did not pour in—the many talented members of the class appear to be too modest, but they are quite generous with their noise.

After all is said and done, 2F is a swell class of girls, and as time staggers on so must 2F.

—LILLIAN LLOYD.

2G FORM NEWS

As we dream by the fire, the crumbling coals shift, and while the smoke curls upward a nebulous vision appears—Room 301 of E.H. S.C. Through the mist we hear the voices of our fine teachers. They are, we reflect, gentle voices which have good cause, at times, to wax vehement. The mist clears and we see a class of 40 young ladies, some working, some smiling, but most talking. They are a fine group of girls and harbour within their midst, many an honour student.

In the field of sport they are most promising, and all entrants conduct themselves in a fashion worthy of commendation. Unfortunately we were unable to obtain the volleyball championship, but it was a close game, and "the best man always wins." However, we are after those basketball games.

We are by no means devoid of vivid personalities, and are proud to be the claimants of some very fine debating ability.

One by one we recall the many sport and social activities of which our class has an integral part. But now the vision fades, and we are forced to reluctantly close. So with sincerest thanks to all our teachers, 2G says, Au revoir.

—LYNN PARFETT.

2H FORM NEWS

Our class paper, due last Christmas, is out at last. Maybe it was worth waiting for, but just wait until you see the results of the class paper contest!

The volleyball team, captained by Mary Kavanagh, got as far as the semi-finals, but we hope to do better in basketball. The 2H volleyball team played the Tech. team. We lost, but it was all in fun anyway.

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One Hundred-three

Our friendly rivals in 2G did not blossom forth with a class paper—but maybe their marks are better.

The Misses Polley and Clarke battle for the honour of first place with others close on their heels.

When we first arrived in 2H some of the teachers prophesied that there would be no assigned homework for this supposedly brilliant group of feminine appeal, but that has long since been forgotten but needless to say—not by us.

Our little plans for a sleighing party were frustrated by a shortage of snow, but not to be daunted we have planned a skating party—roller skates.

—GLADYS TRIPP.

FORM NEWS OF 2-I

Song Hits:

“I Can’t Escape From You”—Mr. Mitchell.

“My Heart Is An Open Book”—Mr. Schnick.

“You Are My Present, Past and Future”—Mr. Gemmill.

“Swing It”—Mr. Elliott.

“Christopher Columbus”—Mr. Carson.

“Rap, Tap On Wood”—Mr. Moreland.

“You’re Delovely”—Miss Thatcher.

Calling All Readers! Calling All Readers!
Reporting—

E. Wells and J. Ross without detentions during Geography period.

D. Walker at school 5 days a week.

I. Kidney still blushing beauty of 2I.

E. Royle, little girl with the big voice.

B. Merrill’s and R. Barrow’s interest in Room 310.

N. Dann and M. Currie out with six-footers.

M. Mazza and S. Chamberlain doing their work quietly.

—RUTH BARROWS

2J FORM NEWS

2J girls’ class, reporting: We now bring you some facts about the residents of 2J. We are 41 sweet, intelligent girls eager for fun! We are not bad in sports, but could do better. Under the able leadership of Kay Bills we managed to reach the semi-finals in volleyball. We lost the first game in basketball, but our team has assured us they will sweep the enemy off their feet in the next game.

One Hundred-four

However, we are not bad in the gym., especially at singing and dancing.

An editor, sub-editor, etc., were chosen to publish a class paper, and, although we were all enthusiastic about it, it just didn’t seem to work and only parts were produced.

Poor Mr. Gray is still trying to find a method to keep us silent in his periods, but so far he hasn’t succeeded. I guess you will have to gag us, Mr. Gray.

We Boast—

The smallest girl in the school. She’s certainly a mischief-maker.

Four songsters from the back of the room,—they certainly keep the room full of music—and detentions too.

—PAT POWELL.

2-K FORM NEWS

“Hurry up 2K!”

The familiar call to every girl in Room 201. Unfortunately, 2K, just isn’t a rushing class, and, as Miss Atkins says, we will be late for “the crack of doom”. We are behind in everything — including bookkeeping and shorthand. If anyone is noticing how gray Mr. C. R. Smith and Mr. F. Elliott are getting, just blame 2K.

We have not been very outstanding in anything lately, except spelling, but perhaps our colours will be flying high in the near future. We are depending on our basketball team to win some laurels for our class.

One of our sweet little girls seems to be very fond of someone. (?) Her camera has been working overtime lately, and he has had her autograph book for quite a time.

Well this is all 2 K can contribute to this year’s *Echo*. Trusting this has been of interest to you, 2K is now signing off.

2M SPEAKS

Here comes that dynamic, colossal, stupendous personality class of the third floor. You know who it is, folks, it’s 2M!

As you all know, 2M is the pet class of the school. (We hope).

Mr. Ward thinks we are just it. (What is it?)

Mr. Halpenny has other opinions; so have we.

Our Soccer team would have been a “wow” if the stars of the team, who are Costello and Waters, had received support.

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One Hundred-five

Outstanding Events

Miss Stephenson led the girls to victory in the typing contest.

Miss Best came to school for 3 days in a row.

Questionnaire:

Is Sharples' cough a fake?

Is Kelly as bright as his marks show?

Will Ditta ever comb his hair? If so, when?

What kind of an arrow did Cupid shoot at McMahon to make him chase S. Housdon around the room?

Is Costello's permanent a natural?

Au revoir (thanks, Mr. Halpenny).

—J. SHARPLES.

FLASHES OF 1A

By Your Talkative Reporter, Lillian Roberts

Good School-day morning everybody!

This is the voice of 1 A. The weather will be fine and dry if it doesn't rain and the time is exactly time that you heard about us and our Volleyball Team. We played the semi-finals but lost to 1 C. Better luck to our Basketball Team.

Our Class Paper, published every once in a while—a long while—ought to be successful. It is called "The Commerce Chaos" and our Editor is M. Pierce.

And now for our Question Box:—

Question 1: Where did Xury Irwin get nerve enough to ask the French teacher "pour un baiser", or didn't she, as she says, know what it meant?

Question 2: What happened to all the calendar this year?

Answer: Maybe the depression is coming back. (Have you noticed that the teachers haven't been handing out so much advice free of charge?)

Well folks, my time is up, and so until next time—So long!

FORM NEWS—1B

This is 1B bringing to you the news of half a year;

We all like sports and yet we don't do anything that is outstanding.

In respect to making a noise we take the cake. We've got the record, the teachers say.

We have had a few detentions and they have all been for talking.

When 1 A sharpens their pencils it sounds as if a war is on.

Sometimes the radiator is noisy too. Is it contagious? It groans as if it has indigestion.

Our class paper has not been published yet and it is not coming along so well.

When it comes to debates we are not so talkative. Can it be that we are SHY?

This is 1 Bee signing off—Au revoir.

—JEAN COWIE.

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1C

One C has always been a good form as we have been told by our teachers and we hope to keep up the good reputation.

The most outstanding activity this year, so far, was winning the first form championship in Volleyball, not only against the other forms but also against Malvern Collegiate. Those on the team were: Norma Mullholland, Captain; Marion Booth, Sylvia Bishop, Phyllis Gillespie, Nancy Fraser, Eleanor Wallington, Eleanor Wright, Marion Gibson, Helen Goatcher and Jean McClay.

We also contributed quite a number of donations for the Christmas baskets at Christmas Time.

WE WONDER

When Mr. Fair will let V. C. off from scrubbing sinks?

FLASH!

The publishing of our class paper 1C *Highlights* is creating a lot of fun. Ask Miss Thatcher.

—ELEANOR WRIGHT

1D FORM NEWS

Hello, *Echo* ladies and gentlemen! This is the big broadcast of One D, presenting to you 36 enthusiastic young scholars.

We haven't as yet made a very great showing in sports, but we have entered in all the activities although we haven't obtained any honours. We have an excellent athletic rep., Cecilia Milne. Dancing is the hobby of several of our petite damsels, namely Misses Jones, Smith, and Palmer.

Our class paper is nearing completion. The editor of the Gossip Column has been searching for news and this is what she says:

1. Kay Selby likes a certain blonde in 211.

2. E. Palmer doesn't bother with R. H. now.

3. M. Bail likes the outer portables.

That's all, pals. So long!

—K. SELBY

1E PORT A

"Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Be on the lookout for JE, "Pride of the Portables".

In sport 1E is tops? Our flashy football stars were licked; the rugby players didn't

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exactly cover themselves in glory, but the basketballers! Aahhh! Pooey, they were licked too.

All the same this is a famous form with all its rugby players, hockey players, swimmers, gym. artists and even (imagine?) a singer. (O Sol Mio Slater)

WiseCrack Of IE

History Teacher: "What did they cover the walls in the Middle Ages?"

Smart Student: "Paper!"

"ECHOES" OF 1F

The students of 1F have shown remarkable talent in many subjects, notably composition. This form is also credited with being fine athletes in all sports. In basketball the boys have formed an exceptionally strong team which should have no difficulty in winning the inter-form crown. Ahem!

1G'S FORM NEWS

Greetings all you Commercites! Presenting news from Eastern Commerce's most enterprising first form, ONE G!

Well, nevertheless, on Wednesday, December 2, the 'ONE G-MEN' Club was organized with Douglas Snider as our young ambitious (?) president. Joe. Ryan was elected vice-president and Brother Albert Killacky, the treasurer, (Pardon me! Killacky was elected secretary, not treasurer. You could never trust that guy with money). Well my friends, with this fine collection of trustees you can easily see what a marvellous organization this "One G-Men" really is. We hold meetings every Wednesday in Mr. Voaden's composition period.

The "One G-Men" publish a class paper every week, known to the general public as "Nosey News". Perhaps 1937 you've heard of it. Tear the top off one 1937 Chevrolet along with three manhole covers. Send them to us with your name and address plainly written on the package and we will send you a free copy of "Nosey News".

In sports it seems we were soccer champions. Of course you've heard of Curly Jennings and Andrew Irvine, soccer stars and potential (?) stars of Hollywood.

Well, I see my space limit is coming to a close, so I guess One G will have to sign off for another year. Good night all! This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

—BOB HARVIE

1H CLASS NEWS

1H did well in sports this year. This basketball team of ours won one game under the able management of Nokes. As for rugby, well you know what happened to it. But, so much for sports. Now for some inside information. Lauzon, a fellow who we thought was pretty dumb, stood first at the mid-year exams. He proved to be a bit brighter than the rest. Mr. H. Gray seems to have a "hold" on Doherty. I wonder how his hair-roots stand up to the strain.

Barnett has a habit of making funny noises in Miss Atkin's period. Is that the way he concentrates? We have a lot of fun in our own little room on the first floor.

—GORD. WELSH.

HOT NUZE FROM 1I

We would like to know or see:

What "his" name is—the one whom so many of our girls are that way about? (watch out Robert Taylor.)

What the big attraction is for Muriel Mack in Room 313?

Miss Lee without her chewing gum or buying her own pen-nibs.

Miss Ing eating her lunch in *lunch period*.

What would happen if—

Edna Elder or Margaret Devins didn't know their French?

Mary Matthews failed in any subject?

Evelyn Treadwell didn't ask questions?

Evelyn Jamison ever answered a question loud enough for us to hear?

Helen Shaw forgot her make-up?

Jean Wright failed in Shorthand?

What the girls will do when Dot. Weir gets her curls cut off?

—THELMA FIRTH.

1J JINGLES

Just confidentially I'd like to ask
Do you not find it quite a task
To imagine Margaret Charles
Never late to class?

Imagine Mr. Douglas
Without a new joke,
Imagine Ethel Saliba
When she isn't broke.

Imagine Frances and Freda
Not getting a detention,
Imagine 1J ever
Paying real attention.

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One Hundred-nine

Imagine Elsie Long
Without a song to croon,
And remember the day we were "Absent
From the physiography room?"

Imagine June Donnell
Silent for one whole day,
Imagine Barbara Shepard
When she isn't gay.

Imagine Shirley Beaver
Without her current beau,
And we'll also mention her chum,
That giggling school girl, "Flo".

But despite our class's failings
I'm writing this to say,
That, although we're not the modest class,
We're happy in "1 J".

—MILDRED C. NEILL

IK FORM NEWS

The girls of 1 K were not very successful in their volleyball games this year although Maude Rowe, their captain, did mean business.

Our basketball team seems to be having better success with Margaret Speed as captain. The team consists of E. Cockett, H. O'Neill, D. Booth, F. Weaver, I. Ledlie, M. Egan, M. Speed and F. Jones.

The talented young artist who helped to make our class paper "The 1K School Daze" a success is Frances Weaver. The chief editor of the paper is May Wallen and her able assistant Maude Rowe.

The "Why's and What's" of 1K are very numerous. As an outcome of this I shall list some of them for you:

"WHAT" Mr. Chard would do if he caught you eating your lunch in school?

"WHY" Mr. Chard thinks the girls of 1K have the tidiest desks in Eastern Commerce?

—MAY WALLEN.

FORM NEWS OF 1L

Calling all *Echo* readers: This is the news reporter of 1L coming to you through the courtesy of Eastern High School of Commerce over station 108. There are many things both teachers and pupils would like to see in our form, for example:

Helen Gallagher when she is not eating her lunch between periods.

Rose Lee and Helen Luck when they are

not holding a conference in the south-west corner.

Gladys Fergeson when she is not asleep or giggling.

If a day goes by without some teacher threatening us with a detention, we think something is wrong. To see 1L between periods you imagine us to be very active, but, when it comes to gymnastics, some are not quite so lively. Our volleyball team was (not) very successful, but our basketball team is going to be much better and we hope to win every game.

—JOYCE QUARRINGTON

NEWS FLASHES OF 1M

At the Hallowe'en party given by the Girls' Club one afternoon, Helen McCullagh of dear old 1M, won first prize for the best costume of all the first forms that were present.

Although we lost all the games in volleyball, our players put on an excellent show. As we are just starting basket ball it looks quite promising, for we are not going to be beaten as we were in volleyball.

Here are a few things we would like to know:

Why do two or three girls take the longest route to go from one room to another?

Why do some girls always laugh and talk during the shorthand period?

Why does Marg. always come dressed up on Friday?

Thus the flash news of 1-M comes to an end. . . . We bid you all: Au revoir.

—NIVES VALOPPI

ONE N FORM NEWS

One "N" has the privilege of being a travelling class. The class paper known as the "Tattle Tale" is a great success so far. One "N" goes in for sports in a big way and reached second in the Volleyball series. We had a good start in basketball, outpointing 1L 18-10 in the first game. The class planned a skating party, but owing to the most disagreeable weather it was postponed. Margaret Wagg and Miriam Slater are the best athletes in the class, and Bernice Stone is one N's outstanding swimmer.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:

Why Dot Walsh was moved to the front of the class?

Why does B. S. come late to school so often?

Why does J. Harper want the back seat?

—BERNICE LARINSON

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FORM NEWS FOR 10

The term "All Quiet on the Western Front" applies to 10 with a double ditto. Most of the time was spent in studying exams. But even studying could not help 10 get any better marks in their exams. But throughout the year there are too many funsters in the room. Speaking of funsters this reminds me of one occasion where Mr. Frisby, literature teacher, asked a boy to recite the story of Narcissus which he promptly did; part of the story follows: "And the guy beat it down to de water and looked at his figure."

Besides being masters at the art of joking, 10 can stand up with the best in sport. They took the title in the Basketball Playoffs this year. Although 10 lost the Soccer finals, it is not due to being inferior to the winners, as 1G had an advantage in weight and experience. However, we finally clicked in basketball. So look for their pictures in the *Echo*.

—WILLIAM COLLINS

1Q'S ANCESTORS' FAIRY STORY

Once upon a time King RIGNALL, ruler of IRWINland, and his sons MATHEWS, LLOYD, and ROBERTS were visited by a witch, GAMOFF—who lived on top of a ROCKyLIFF nearby.

She said that a LOVELY, sad princess LAVERY lived on the other side of the cliff in GREENWOOD Forest below the witch's dwelling. She was there held captive by CARRINGTON COX, a simple POTTER. The princess had BINN sorrowful but was GOOD ALL the time though MEAD to carry heavy jars of water from the nearby WELLS, so CARRINGTON could test his pottery. He always wanted His BED WELL made but one day she covered it with gravel. This DUNN she fled far away.

The witch finished her story, insisted that it was TURUaNEN made the three princes promise to search for her. After one year the youngest came to the castle and said, "LUC", AS he showed his father the princess who later became his bride.

The king said, "WILSON, your brothers killed the BORTHWICKED and cruel POTTER on SHILLIDAY. So we'll live happily ever after.

—JEAN LONG

ONE R GIRLS CALLING

P. T.—"You ain't got a thing if you haven't got a swing."

Spelling—"Did I remember?"

Lunch Hour—"Hands across the table."

One Hundred-twelve

French—"Alouette."

Typing—"Rap Tap on Wood."

Shorthand—"Roaming in the Gloaming."

Penmanship—"Give me an old-fashioned swing."

Physiography—"Oh, There's something in the air."

Library—"There's two sides to every story."

Spare—"Dream Awhile."

Between periods—"Boy meets Girl."

Business Habits—"Ain't Misbehaving."

Mathematics—"You Turned the Tables on Me."

Bookkeeping—"I've Got You Under My Skin."

Composition—"I'm going to sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter."

History—"I don't want to make History, I just want to make Love."

Literature—"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life."

When you take your report home—"Can I sleep in your barn to-night, Mister?"

After You Graduate—"Pennies from Heaven."

After you are married—"I've got Trouble, Double Trouble."

—LETTY WILLIAMS

1S FORM NEWS

We girls of 1S have very little news to tell.

We started the year off with a weiner roast which was held down Pottery Road. We invited two teachers who promised faithfully to come, but never showed up. After hearing their excuses we found out that their memories serve them none too well.

In early February, Joan Whiteside held a skating party for the class. We waited all week for a cold day, hoping and praying it would come on Friday. On Friday the weather broke through like spring, and the rink became a swimming pool, but the party went on with everybody having a good time.

With this 1S says, "So Long Readers".

—G. KELLER

1T TATTLES

1T defeated 10 by the score of 8-4 in basketball, Plener, Davis and Smith being the marksmen. La Grandeur had five penalty shots given him, but naturally he missed them all.

A skating party was arranged with Miss Pinchin's class to be held at Riverdale Park.

More to come, so keep in line girls and

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don't get excited.

Smitty says he bumped into a door and broke his glasses but we know differently.

Who are the boys that use finger-nail polish?

Armstrong, Salmon and Gilmore don't like our class so they stay home. Who threw the tomato at Taylor and just why did he duck; a squelching sound might have followed.

I T was talked badly of in the Auditorium the other Friday and it nearly caused a sit-down strike.

To the present that is all the news of I T.

1 T Portable D is the place girls, in case you get lost. — So long. —RALPH LONG

IU FORM TACTICS

1-U HAS:

Austin but no Buick,
Curtain but no Window,
Hyndmen but no Frontman,
Meiners but no Planters,
Oldham but no Youngham,
Rowe but no Paddle,
Scott but no Irish.

—GLADYS MCKNIGHT

ONE VEE

I suppose you've heard of our rollicking form
For when we start we're like a furious storm:
Oh! But very quiet we can be
When there are teachers around to see.
There's Betty and Audrey with their comb
and their glass,
If they don't look out they'll surely not pass.
Next we have Sybil White, our petite little
blonde,
Of whom I feel sure many a boy is fond.
There's Olive and June so light on their toes,
But they never once powder their own shiny
rose.

There's Norma Savoie, Bert's Bitterest Pill,
And galloping Edith, who's galloping still.
Then there is Thelma who sprouts pretty
speeches—

These are some of our girls and the rest
are all peaches.

The rest are boys I'd like to mention,
But our lovely girls would claim all attention.

WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IN IV

1. Mr. Frisby.

2. Wells on the senior rugby team next
year.

3. Hateley—When he is not arguing with
somebody.

4. Mara—When he is not at the Palace.

—HARRY WELLS



The guests all laughed when the host said,
"Keep a stiff upper lip,"—but they didn't
know that he'd put starch in the cocktails!



I LOVE ME

Malvern girls are pretty,
Riverdale girls are sweet,
But, when it comes to Commerce girls,
We simply can't be beat.



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on
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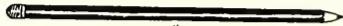
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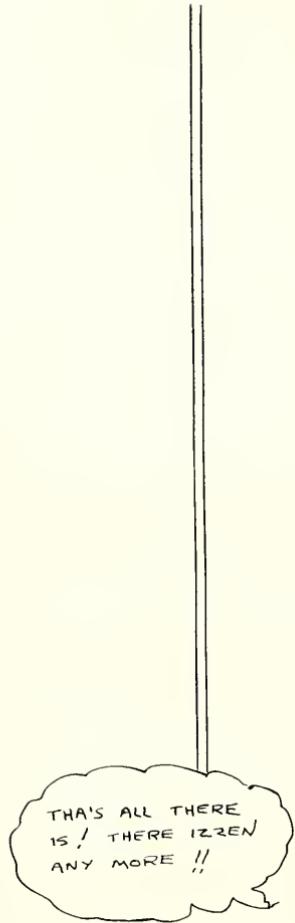
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MODERN NURSERY RHYME

*Mary has a little lamb—
It wears a spotted tie,
And everything that Mary wants
Her lamb is sure to buy.*

1L, "The Gale"

Mr. Voaden: "Oops conductor, let me off at the next stop, I thought this was a lunch car."

The manager of a firm was going away and the night watchman said to him, "Sir, I don't think you had better go because I dreamt last night that you were going to be killed on the way."

While the manager was away, he notified his assistant to dismiss the night watchman. WHY?

"The 3A Esquire"

*Yesterday upon the stair,
I saw a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again to-day.
Gee, how I wish he'd go away!
1K "School Daze"*

Farmer, to Shewan playing hookey: "Hie, boy, this is no place to swim."

Shewan: "Don't apologize, sir; it's better than doing grammar." 2C, *Echoette*.

"And what is the child's name?" asked the minister.

"Shirley", replied the mother.

"Shirley?"

"Yes, after the famous Shirley Temple, you know."

"Yes, yes, of course", replied the minister. "I know the preacher who's there just now."

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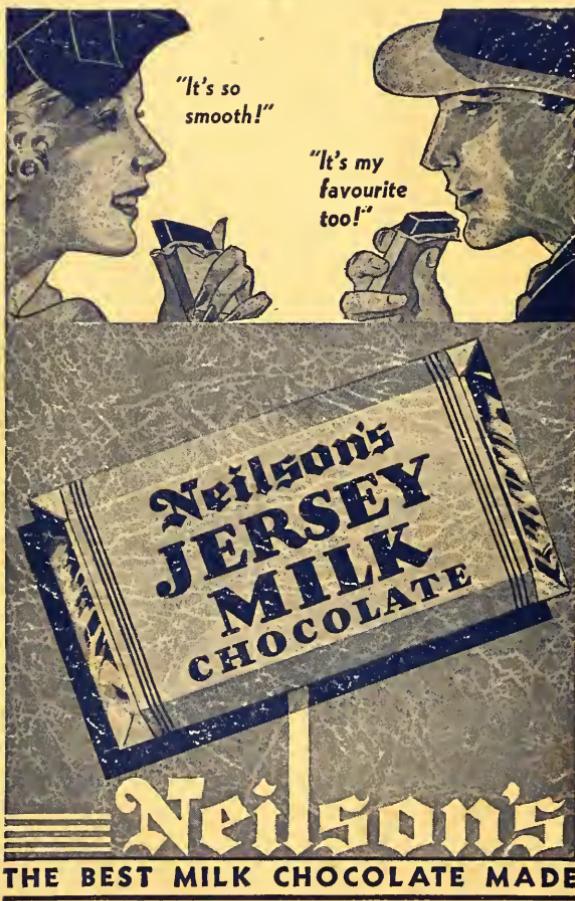
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